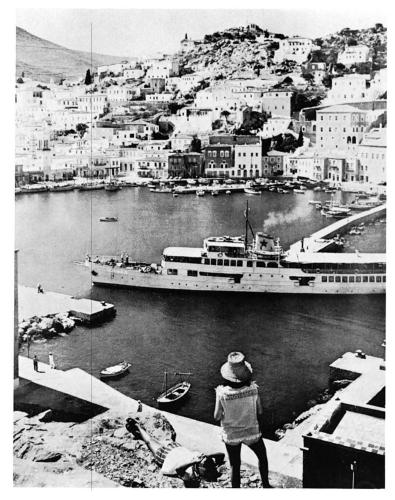
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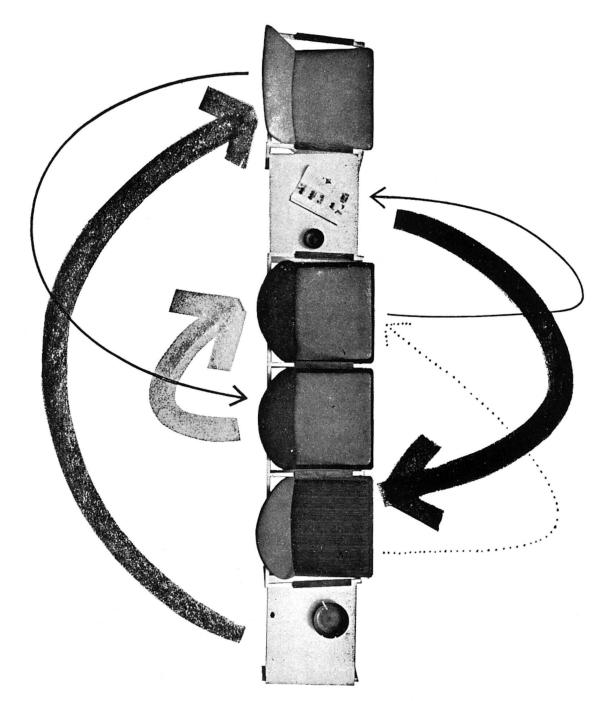
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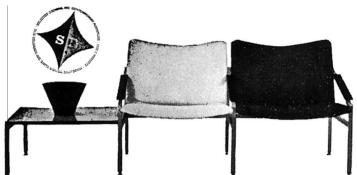


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Cover: Mezzoprint detail of Natania City Hall. (See p. 12)

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art

DORE ASHTON

With the intellectual world of fashion resounding with the cries of exaltes—Timothy Leary on the one hand and Marshall McLuhan on the other—the arts are in for heavy weather. It seems that cultural historians and diagnosticians are fatally drawn to the arts. Both Leary and McLuhan sound their most powerful charismatic notes when they grovel before the superior sensory apparatus that is the artist.

On the other hand, both of these magi yearn back to a time when the artist was not significantly isolate, and when group communion functioned without the interference of individualism. Each man his own artist is really McLuhan's message, and his medium is the sonorousness of accumulated data. By throwing in a mass of unrelated materials, McLuhan piles up sounds and eventually moves into the inevitable rhetoric of prophecy. On this alone he can be twitted, for the one lesson a modern cultural historian ought to have learned is that nothing ever evolves as phophesied.

His homely nostalgia for a past-future never-never land occurs on almost every page. "Our new electric technology does not need words any more than the digital computer needs numbers. Electricity points the way to an extension of the process of consciousness itself, on a world scale and without any verbalization whatsoever. Such a state of collective awareness may have been the preverbal condition of man."

Characteristically, McLuhan calls upon another authority to batten down his flapping thoughts and refers to Bergson's *Creative Evolution* as though Bergson had been as confident as McLuhan that language was a technological barrier to "collective awareness." Anyone reading Bergson closely will recognize that Bergson spoke of *certain* characteristics of language, not language itself, and that he never suggested that intuition alone would bring about some "general cosmic consciousness" (McLuhan's phrase). Bergson was not an *exalte*

The problem McLuhan poses for the arts is a problem of confusion of terms. McLuhan draws his terminology from the electric "media" which would be the study of just about anything in human existence. For instance: "Now, however, in the electronic age, data classification yields to pattern recognition, the key phrase at IBM." But is the key phrase over at IBM really the key phrase for the arts? Pattern recognition is scarcely new to the artist (see Leonardo's drawings of waves). McLuhan's claim that the advent of the electric media "created the world of Paul Klee, Picasso, Braque" would not stand much probing analysis.

The terms he uses are the terms used by experts in communications—those children of technology that so enchants universities and members of audio-visual units in them. Communications, however, have little to do with the arts. While an apologist for pure art such as Allen Tate may reach similar conclusions to McLuhan's—for instance, the advantages of "tribal" responses—he arrives from radically different propositions. It is the quality of Tate's questions that distinguishes his remarks concerning communication.

In The Man of Letters in the Modern World, Tate says that men cannot communicate by means of sound over either wire or air. They have got to communicate through love. "Communication that is not also communion is incomplete. We use communication; we participate in communion." McLuhan would agree, I'm sure, since he enthusiastically and mistakenly proclaims that TV brought to poets a need to meet their audiences face to face, thereby establishing a sort of communion. (And was there TV in St. Petersburg where Mayakovsky declaimed?) But once having agreed on the need for communion, Tate and McLuhan part company.

Tate then says that literature has never communicated, that it cannot communicate. "Works of literature, from the short lyric to the long epic, are the recurrent discovery of the human communion as

experience, in a definite place at a definite time." He goes on to take what I suppose is the classical humanist position: "It is a tragedy of contemporary society that so much of democratic social theory reaches us in the language of 'drive,' 'stimulus' and 'response.' This is not the language of freemen, it is the language of slaves. The language of freemen substitutes for these words, respectively, end, choice and discrimination." The poet's particular responsibility, he maintains, is for the last.

Now, McLuhan's messages reach us not in the slightly outdated behavioral terminology of drive and stimulus and response, but in the newer terminology of the IBM pundits—input, output and feedback. His prophecy tends toward mystical cosmic communion, but his diction is strictly technological. Tate, on the other hand, argues without the benefit of classified data, and without a vision of electric transformations. Also without such unpalatable cliches as the medium is the message and the media are extensions of the nervous system, for Tate is arguing from an artist's point of view. He is arguing from within his discipline, which is poetry, and from experience. This McLuhan will never be able to do for he is an adulator; an overawed member of the electrically conditioned public he speaks for. Art is for McLuhan merely another pattern of data to bear out his half-articulated theses.

To what end and by what choice, must the artist accept McLuhan's homogenized Utopia? Why should he believe that hybrid art is better than pure art? What justification is there for such a silly statement as McLuhan's: "The hybrid or the meeting of two media is a moment of truth and revelation from which new form is born." (Roger Fry very carefully traced his own reactions to opera, concluding that the meeting of two media in this case inevitably resulted in a lessening of both, and the subordination of one to the other. Hardly a moment of truth and revelation.)

Both Leary and McLuhan preach communion, and both have firm faith in the value of consciousness expansion, one via mystical experiences, the other via "media." Neither of them would fathom the argument put forward by Tate, and also by Lewis Mumford, which arises from a consciousness of quite another order. For in a life situation in which choice, ends and discrimination are put into action in terms of art, the value of the involuntary exaltation they envision would be questioned deeply.

"Indeed," McLuhan writes, "with the advent of electric technology, we have entered a relatively dim, unconscious world in which the extensions of everybody's nerves has involved him deeply in all other lives."

Is this "unconscious" world the same as the world of expanded consciousness? And what then of Tate's definition of literature? Beyond that, moving away from literature to life (since McLuhan like his followers definitely isolates literature from life and then turns around to try to infuse life into literature), where is the data that provides him with this insight? Is the man watching the immolation of a Vietnamese monk on TV deeply involved in those other lives? Have electric media really, as McLuhan claims, shrunk the world to a village? I see no evidence for it. In fact, I see the same old situation of alienation that authors have been lamenting since the Old Testament. When a Buddhist monk read his poetry and talked with a select group of major writers in New York last month, these august personages humbly admitted that his presence was important because it "brought things closer." If even they, the practitioners of imaginative activity, need to be brought closer, think then of the TV public.

McLuhanism provides the justification for a great deal of aimless experimentation all of which is thrown, willy-nilly, into the pot called Art. There are at least a dozen psychodelic theaters operating in New York, all purporting to break down what McLuhan claims is the Narcissus-narcosis. "The moment of the meeting of media is a moment of freedom and release from the ordinary trance and numbness imposed by them on our senses." One single poet reading a single poem, then, benumbs us, but a barrage of poems, lights and drumbeats does not. A painting is a bore, no doubt, for Mc-

notes

IMAGINARY RESPONSE TO AN ILL-CONSIDERED QUESTION

To put it bluntly, your architectural journals have become little more than pretty picture books, entertaining and trivial, a medium for public relations. And this at a time when architecture is deeply troubled, when the gap between what is professed and what is performed widens with each new building and the clash of theories has split the profession into profoundly opposed factions, groups, divisions and subdivisions. Indeed, within many American architectural schools this clash has assumed bitter, destructive proportions. They are houses divided; faculty Guelphs and Ghibellines, contemptuous Ins and rebellious Outs, are all shouting This way to Jerusalem, pointing in opposite directions to the complete bewilderment of the students.

In your journals, however, the only indications of the virulent ideological dissension are the frequent notices of the "retirement" of this or that dean to private practice, the movements of troublesome or dissatisfied faculty members from school to school, and so on.

Your journals have not provided, as they should, a forum for the ideas behind these conflicts, although the disputed concepts are much nearer the heart of architecture than most of the buildings published. With the exception of isolated (and usually non-staff written) articles, there is no attempt to clarify the confusion of values and ideas that lies behind so many of the seductive, misleading photographs supplied by the architects; no attempt to stir the reader to independent thought. There is no real and consistent involvement with architecture below the level of personalities and appearances. Readers are offered no observable unequivocal point of view to analyze; no stand is taken that might offend anyone.

In short, your American architectural journals have totally abandoned the traditional role of the press to educate and enlighten; they make no contribution to an architectural direction. On the contrary, their indulgent editorial policies permit publication of the most insignficant architectural limmerick provided the name is right or the project a sufficiently arresting mutant. This permissiveness serves to perpetuate the confusion of standards, goals and values already so manifest in your architecture and environment.

Really, your magazines seem only a cut above the real estate sections of your newspapers; there is a similar 70-30 division of space between advertising and public relation releases. (I'm speaking of the major, national journals and not their innumerable regional imitators, which are wretched, hopeless travesties.) For example, after finding with difficulty the editorial section of a recent issue of one of the most profitable of your journals, what does one see? An illustrated article on three museums, including the disaster in Los Angeles. Instead of doing as it has a magnificent public relations

job for the three architects involved—at least two of whom need no such help—why not an honest and responsible appraisal with the title, say, "The Museum: Must It Be a Mausoleum?" followed by a discussion of why museums succeed or fail from the viewpoints of artists, curators, collectors and trustees.

An article, "A Strong Voice for Integrated Transportation Planning," should have been "A Strong Voice for Integrated Private Housing." Another, "The Most Recent Architecture of Marcel Sert," should have been "The Most Recent Architectural Mistakes of Marcel Sert," or don't your architects make mistakes.

Here's another review with an illustrated article about "Six Philadelphia Architects." It seems excellent but a better title might have been, "Six Little Kahns."

This one devotes an issue to Colleges and Universities but I don't see included a discussion of "What Went Wrong at Irvine"—or Berkeley, Harvard, Brandeis or USC for that matter.

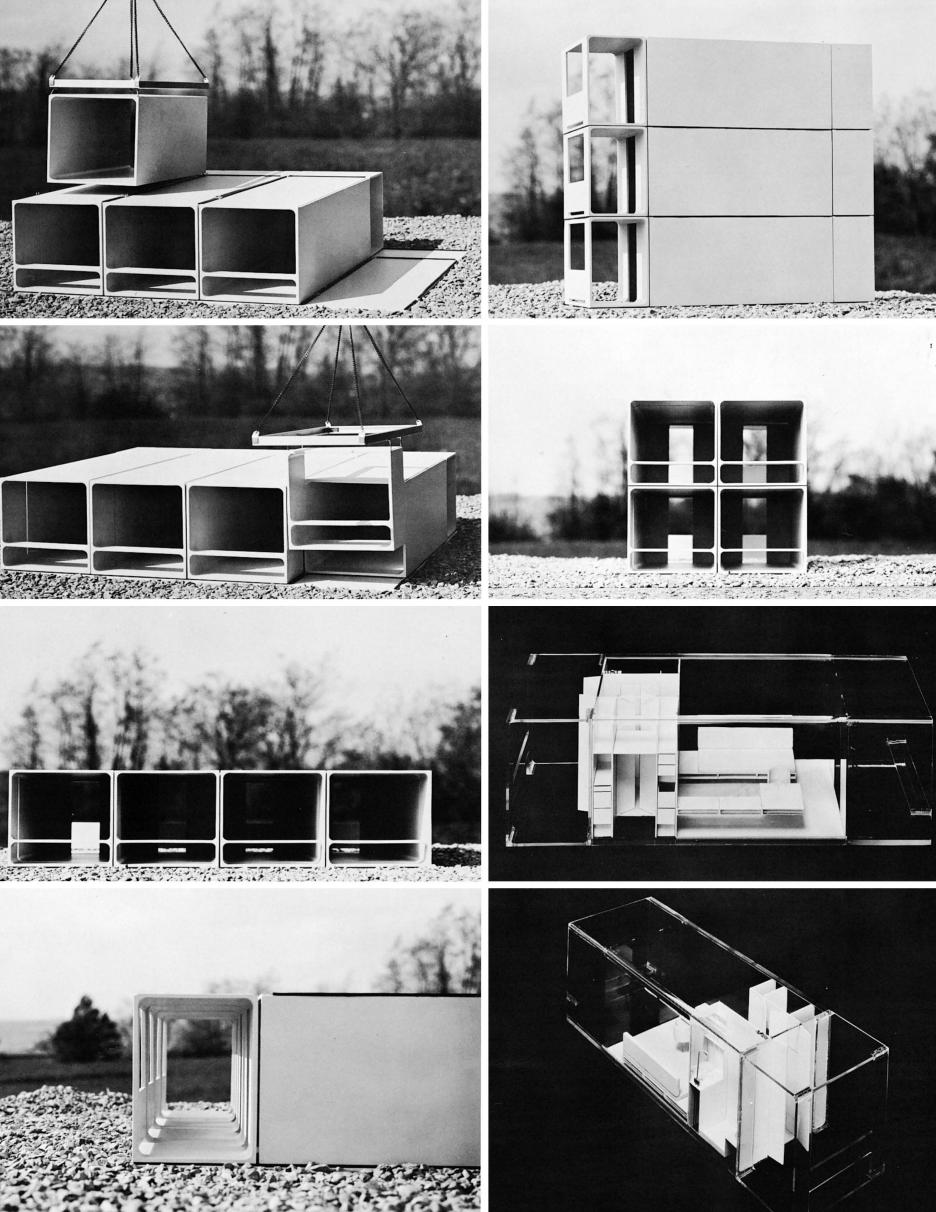
Although advertising consumes the pages of the successful journals and the dreams of the unsuccessful ones, it would be wrong and too easy to blame the failure of your journals to fulfill their responsibility on the advertiser. An article on the ethics of journalism in a recent issue of The Annals of Political and Social Science noted that advertisers, in the balance, are probably not much concerned with the public interest one way or the other, but they are not opposed to it being served by the press. And, the article states, even though advertising dominates journalism, it is not by means of threats to cancel ads and other coercive efforts to control the newspaper or magazine directly. "No threat is necessary because, in most instances, the interests of the advertiser and the [publication] are identical. Advertisers constitute the business community, and the [publication] itself is a business institution, a part of that community.'

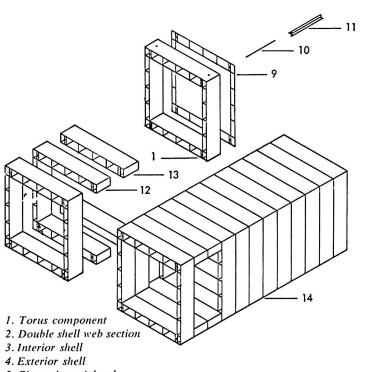
This explains the editorial tone, the dedication of your journals to the defense of the status quo. Further on the author (Prof. John Tebbel of NYU) states, "It is a bizarre commentary... that more than one periodical today is read for its advertising rather than its editorial content. The ads, whatever their quotient of truth may be, offer originality and imagination, freshness and variety, all qualities which are conspicuously missing from tired or uninspired editorial formulas...."

In the final analysis, it is the reader who will have to act to bring your journals back to the mark. The publisher now concerns himself with the subscriber only in the aggregate and secondarily—as the means to obtain advertising. If the reader continues to be satisfied with this insulting role and the equally insulting, dropsical magazines he currently receives, there is little hope for improvement.

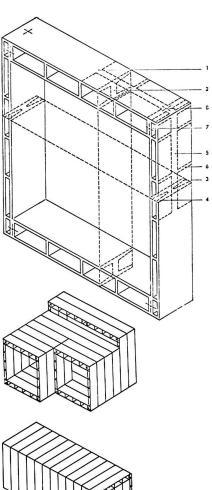
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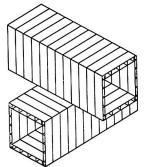
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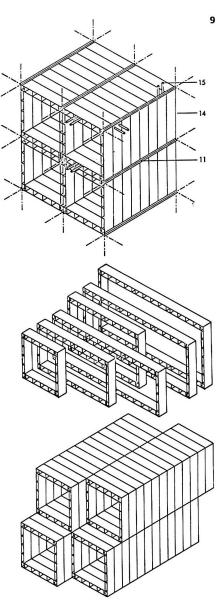




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PREFABRICATED SPACE-CELL SYSTEM BY HERBERT OHL, ARCHITECT

This space-cell unit construction system consisting of standardized cells of reinforced concrete is applicable to all types of residential building. First of all it is a closed system (production of monolithic space cells). Later on it becomes an open system by the so-called torus cell construction (production of small, unified toruses and their bracing). There is a high degree of prefabrication, including insulations built-in at the plant. Costs of assembly are low, structural stability high. Sound insulation is good because the large units are relatively independent and joined elastically.

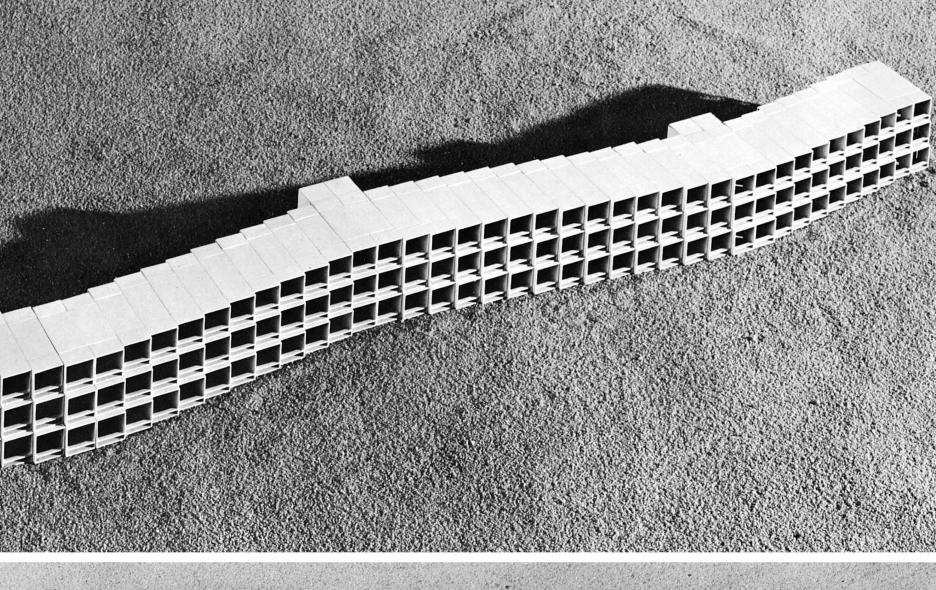
Phase 1 of the development of the space-cell construction led to a design with following properties: single-shelled, tube-like, closed at four sides, open at two sides, thickness of the wall 6 cm for a three-floor student dormitory. A new contribution: elastical connection of the space cells (horizontal Perbunan C-supports and extrusions, combined with vertically oriented sealing extrusions).

The result is an autonomous space cell which can be simply stacked or joined horizontally without additional supports and adjusting. Foundations (stripes and points) equipped with elastical Perbunan C-supports.

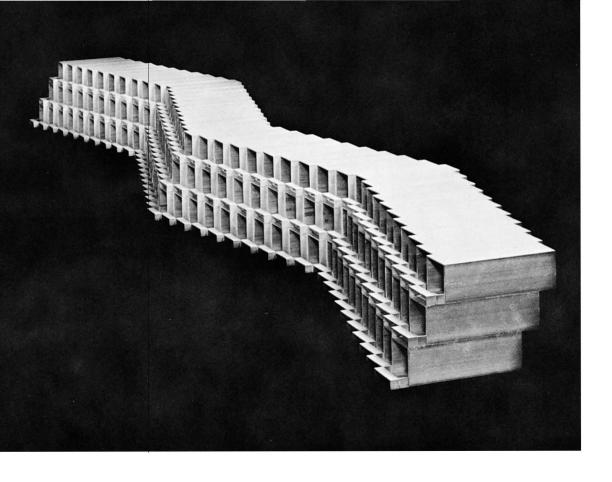
Difficulties were encountered in the production of the big shells with thin walls. The average form stability was insufficient. An attempt to increase the thickness of the walls and corrugate the edges did not lead to convincing results.

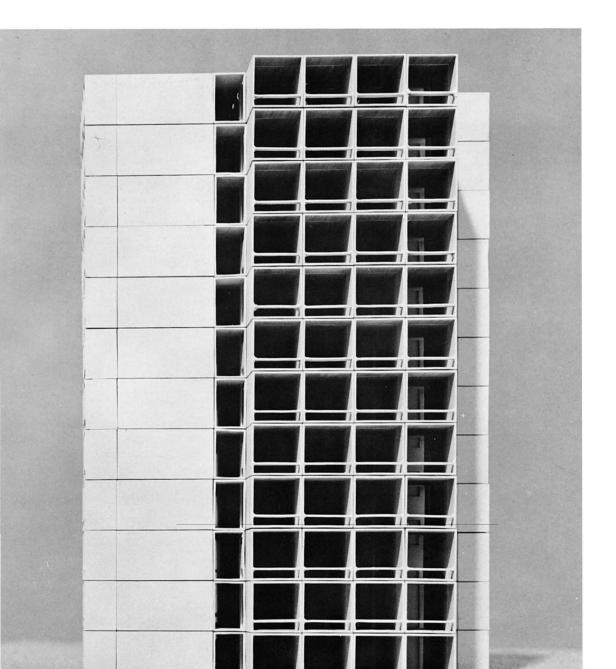
Therefore, in phase 2 the space cell was divided into various unified toruses. The single-shelled wall was changed into a double-shell wall. In spite of this more complicated form the toruses











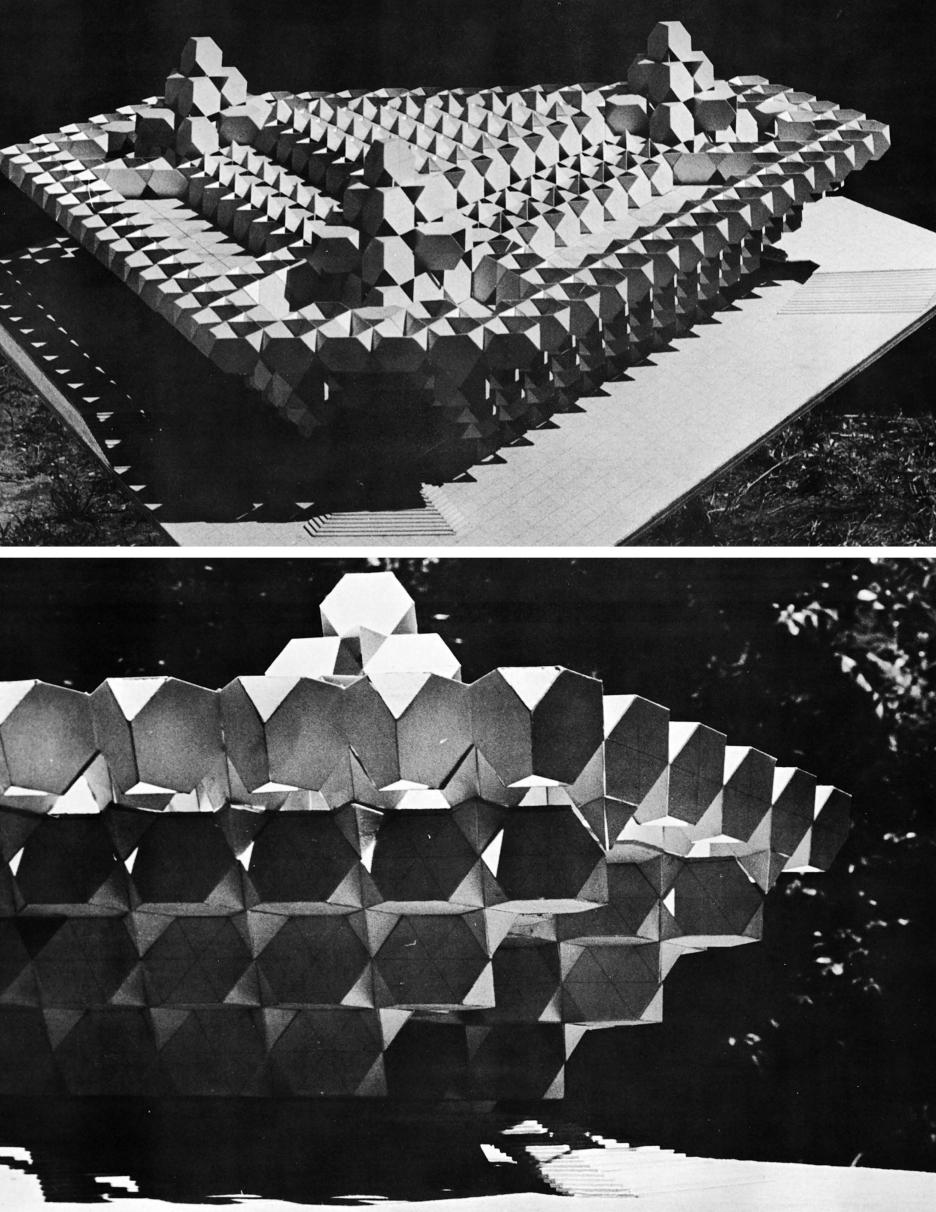
can be produced with less difficulties (smaller dimensions, less weight). The toruses (width: 60 cm) with cellular walls are assembled using very thin elastic intermediate layers in the joints. The cells assembled in this way have a high form stability, making horizontal and vertical staggering and cantilevering, possible. The empty space between the double-shell walls can be packed with all kind of installations. Increasing the reinforcing material of the double-shell construction, different span-widths can be bridged (up to 7.2m).

The insulation and interior equipment can be built-in at the plant (windows, partition walls, floor and wall coverings, sanitary equipment, heating and air conditioning installations). For connecting the secondary elements such as windows with the primary space-cell element, Perbunan C-extrusions are used exclusively.

There are three room sizes types, each about $12m^2$ in area. Ratio of side walls: Type A 1:2 (2.40 x 4.80 m); Type B 1:1.4 (3.00 x 4.20 m); Type C 1:1 (3.60 x 3.60 m). A great deal of plan, organization and equipment variation is possible. The international recommended module of 30 cm was used in planning the space unit.

Type A (1:2) would probably be more economical compared with B or C, although the latter offer more possibilities in interior arrangement and equipment. Two beds can be put into type A, parallel and orthogonal to the room axis. In this regard type C is even better; an advantage for married students.

The development of this construction system at Ulm Institute of Industrialized Building, directed by Herbert Ohl has been supported by the Geschwister-Scholl-Foundation Ulm, by the Farbenfabriken Bayer Leverkusen and by the Firm Hochtief, Augsburg and Liebenau near Hannover.



ALFRED NEUMANN, ZVI HECKER, ARCHITECTS

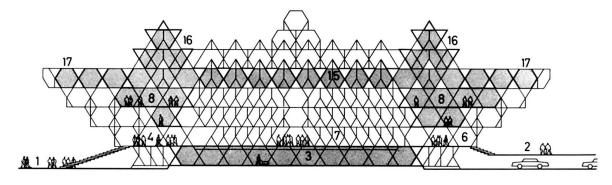
NATANIA CITY HALL, ISRAEL

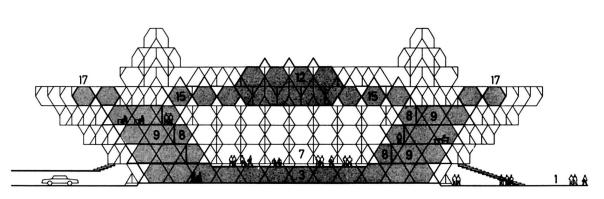
I believe that architecture can be investigated like any other phenomena. The cumulative efforts of scientific thinking, when approaching a phenomenon, have always helped to reach a conceptual order. Architecture itself has never been attached scientifically, although there exist a multitude of scientific investigations of side issues to architecture (climatology, light, acoustics, sociology, ecology, etc). Whenever architects devote their time to architectural research, they tackle these subject-matters; and one can rightly assume that non-architect scientists would do the job better, and as a matter of fact, they do. Tackling architecture itself is taboo. Of course, architecture is a creative activity, but so is physics, for the creative mind. There is a pronounced trend to withdraw into a foggy irrationalism, with plenty of humanitarian slogans as opposed to the platitudes of commonsense, common-sense being the label which the fake mystic but wildly efficient businessmen architects stick on any attempt at creative order. It is an advertising trick relying on the 19th century popular image of the irresponsible romantic artist, and which still appeals to the provincial taste. They discredit art and they discredit science.

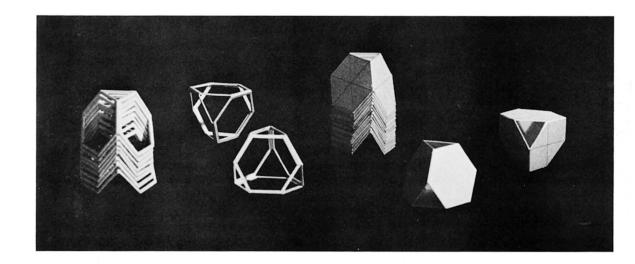
Architecture creates containers for man. It begins with the horizontal area as man moves optimally on horizontal areas. Where horizontal areas do not occur in nature, man introduces them by terracing mountains and by creating stairs. He creates sunken and lifted horizontal areas, juxtaposes and superposes them.

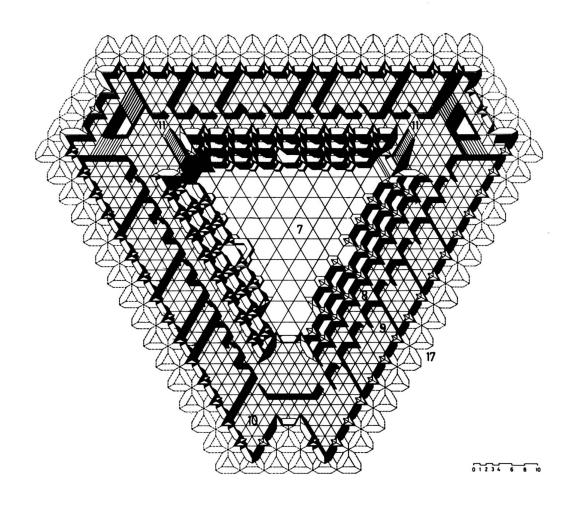
Historic architecture was mainly concerned with the dramatization of statics. The restricted register of baroque space order soon became exhausted. We are now able to distinguish the possible elements constituting architecture. Like in crystallography, the elements are limited in number. Even so, 3-dimensional space packing offers far more possibilities than the 2-dimensional patterns, commonly called ornament (also 2-dimensional crystallography), on which architecture was mainly based until now. Different stages of civilization have different optimal population densities and use corresponding space packing. Hunting and fishing communities lived in loosely packed round houses, of the topological kind, in accordance with the low population density. Agricultural civilizations created the rectangular euclidean pattern. Industrial civilization with its high population density is still packed into an outlined agricultural frame work and has yet to create its appropriate pattern. The rotational symmetries of the new patterns which were meaningless before the space age now become the exact bearers of widely understood contemporary symbolism.

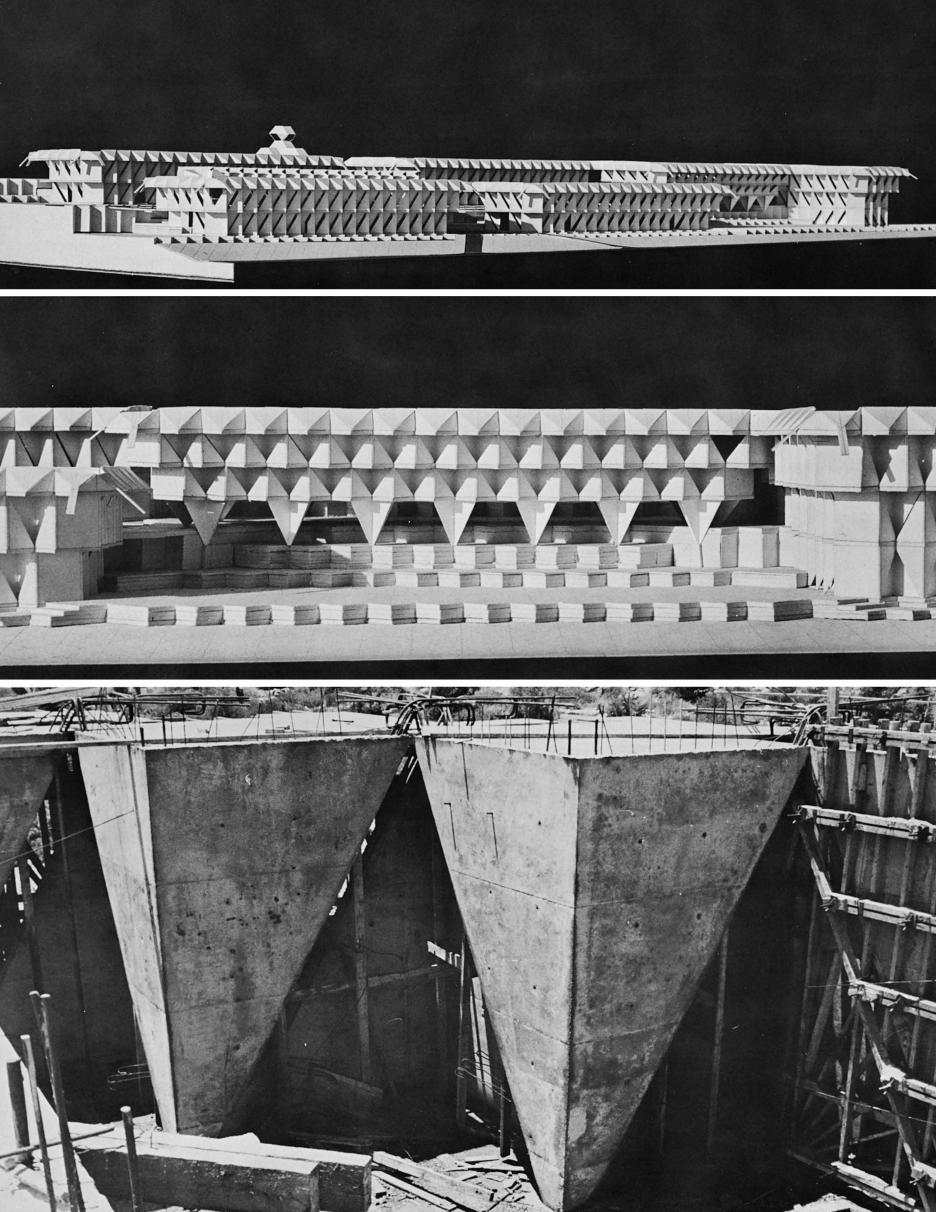
Particular design problems arise at the boundary portions of the new space packings, where different conditions prevail than in the homogeneous inside parts. One of the direct implications is the change of the shape of the openings.

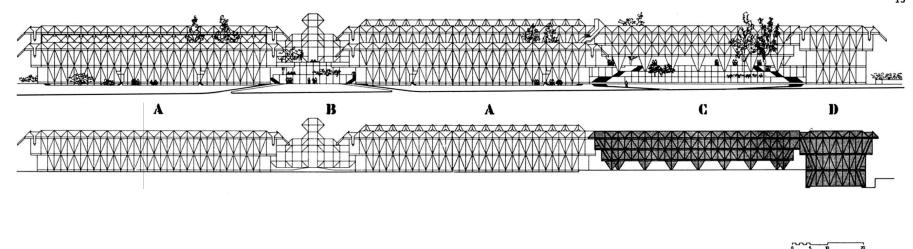












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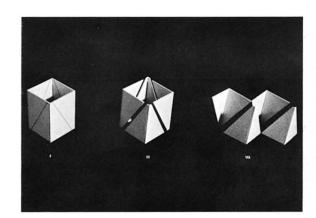
In the topological stage the openings followed the general character, and were consequently rounded, as in African huts. In the rectangular space pattern, doors and windows were rectangular space pattern, doors and windows were rectangular, their distribution tending towards certain proportional orders. In the proposed packings rectangular openings are the exceptions. This evolution was forecast by cars and planes, where no more rectangular openings occur. A parallel evolution is noticeable in newer industrial and religious buildings.

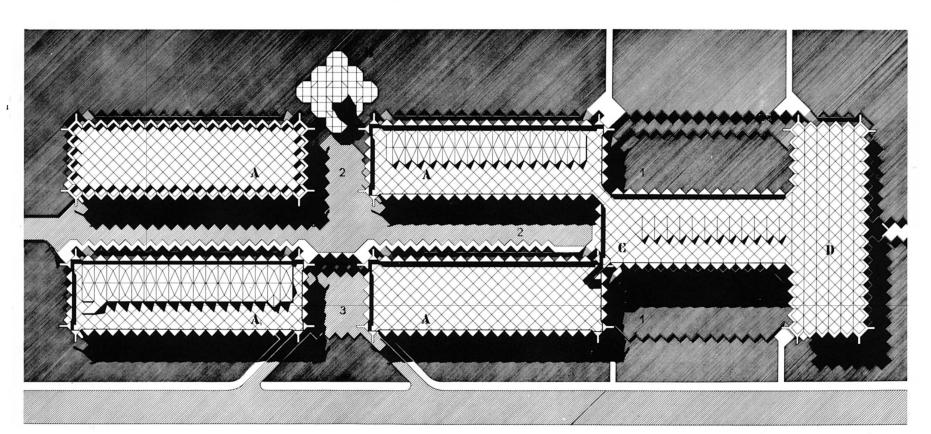
Where does architecture as an art, with all the perfection for the senses, fit into? Where Greece? Italy? Japan?

Architecture is not so much a direct art of the senses, but is like music memory. The tone of the cord which I now hear does not exist in the next moment, nevertheless the synthesis of music forms in my memory. The space through which I passed I do not see anymore; even so, it is present in my memory and directly connected to my actual perception. Architecture is interwoven with reality and the stuff that dreams are made of. This is equally true for the interior

of a building as well as the exterior. The facade of the Gothic dome does not reveal the nature of its nave. This remark shows our relation to the slogan "Form Follows Function," which characterizes the actual unwinding period of architecture. Stone minarets still tower above the cupolas of the mosques. Not far from them on some missile launching site rise identical shapes, the rockets no more built of stone. These containers built of modern synthetic materials fly into outer space to destroy themselves and perhaps to spread destruction. Two identical shapes but what difference in function. The cupola might be one of the inflatable structures which blow off here today and there tomorrow. Tinguely, the Swiss sculptor, in the court-yard of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, fired his self-destructive sculpture symbolizing one aspect of architecture projected on the mind of contemporary artists. Architecture has become aggressive and has conquered the dedivined heavens. The nostalgic longing for the stable, symbolic architecture of yesterday, and maybe of tomorrow, remains stronger than ever, the eternal polarity of all human endeavour.

Alfred Neumann





THE ARTS IN A DOMESTIC SOCIETY

BY GIFFORD PHILLIPS

A statement prepared for the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

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A favorite subject for public debate has now emerged in the United States—the proper place of the arts in a democratic society. It is argued so frequently and so vehemently that one wonders what shirt-sleeve democrats of the frontier era would have thought of the concern being given to matters they always regarded as frivolous, if not un-American.

But times are changing and so are American attitudes about art. Art is no longer the exclusive province of mugwumps in New England studios, Bohemian painters in Greenwich Village, professors of English at Ivy League universities, or scions of old families gracing the boards of civic symphonies and art museums. The great American middle class of the mid-twentieth century has arrived on the scene in full strength and ready for action. Whether its advent should be cheered or booed is a question on which philosophers, critics, and bureaucrats frequently disagree.

In a report to the late President Kennedy in 1963, August Heckscher, the President's special consultant on the arts at the time, attributed the new interests in the arts to three factors: an increasing amount of free time, not only in the working week but in the life cycle as a whole; a new sense of the importance of cities; and a recognition that life is more than the acquisition of material goods. He could have added a fourth reason: the increasing tendency of Americans to apply successful business methods of mass production and distribution to all forms of endeavor. The sudden expansion of the arts in this country has resulted from the application of business technology to problems that had formerly retarded growth: shortage of capital, shortage of physical facilities, shortage of audi-

In a book called *The Culture Consumers* Alvin Toffler shows how these shortages are being overcome through a systematic effort to bring more art of better quality to a wider audience. The patrons of this movement include some relatively new elements: business men, corporations, universities, foundations, and city, county, and state governments. Toffler would now

be able to add the federal government since the passing in September 1965 of the bill establishing a National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities. Together, these "new patrons" are forming what Toffler calls the "culture industry."

Toffler divides the culture industry into two sectors: profit and non-profit. The former includes book publishers, record manufacturers, concert management agencies, and similar groups operating commercial enterprises. The non-profit sector "consists of orchestras, museums, ballet companies, operas, art centers and all their offshoots and variants." All of these operate at a financial deficit and must be subsidized from public or private sources.

It is almost universally accepted that a culture industry is emerging, but there is no unanimity of opinion on whether its present goals are the right goals, on whether it is operating effectively, or, indeed, on whether its very existence is a good or bad omen. Until the 1965 report by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund on the state of the performing arts most studies had emphasized the art boom in this country, especially in the past ten years, which have seen concert, theatre, and art museum audiences more than double. But the Rockefeller report pointed out that "almost all this expansion is amateur.... The American people may have experienced an extraordinary awakening to the performing arts, but comparatively few are ever exposed to any live professional presentations."

Nor was the report any kinder to the new patrons, although a number of their representatives served on the panel for the report. It revealed that by far the largest source of contributions to the arts is still from private individuals. Of all contributions of business corporations only 3 or 4 percent go to the arts, and foundation support is termed "miniscule," although the panel found some evidence of a general increase. As future goals for the performing arts, the report recommended fifty permanent theatre companies, fifty symphony orchestras, six regional opera companies, six regional choral groups, and six regional dance companies.

Where will the money for this program come from? Clearly from the new patrons, who are now challenged to work harder than ever in applying up-to-date methods of organization, promotion, and management. The report, in effect, alerts the culture industry that the time has come to go into high gear, to refinance and retool.

Supplementing the Rockefeller report are a number of published summaries of conferences held on various college campuses in recent years. The main question they seem to have asked themselves is whether the art boom is altogether fortunate. In line with this, certain specific questions have been raised again and again:

Is the art boom adding to the reservoir of high culture in this country, or is it actually producing an abundance of mass and middle culture?

Assuming the need for government help, would patronage by the federal government lead to control and censorship of the arts?

Why do we read and hear so much about the alienation of the artist from society, and, if this

assertion is correct, is it a natural or an unnatural condition?

Are art and democracy compatible?

Two different groups are currently concerned with these questions and they are coming up with almost categorically different answers.

The first group involved in this dispute might be termed "neo-elitist." Many of its members live in New York City and are writers and critics by profession. Their intellectual godfather is Ortega y Gasset, the Spanish conservative who wrote Revolt of the Masses in the 1920's. The alignment is curious because many of the neo-elitists are political liberals, socialists or exsocialists, and one might think that Ortega's insistently aristocratic views would be offensive to their democratic sensibilities. However, while they do not share Ortega's underlying political philosophy, they accept his concept of mass: man and his belief that the dehumanized masses work as an aggregate force in society to vulgarize public taste. Furthermore, many, although not all, have come to believe that responsibility for the arts cannot be a democratic responsibility. If the arts are to flourish, they say, decisions on artistic creation and promulgation must remain outside the realm of democratic public policy.

After describing why and how he believes high culture in this country is threatened by the growth of Masscult and the rise of Midcult, Dwight Macdonald in his book, Against the American Grain, asserts:

"This whole line of argument may be objected to as undemocratic. But such an objection is beside the point."

He then goes on to quote T. S. Eliot as follows: "'Here are what I believe to be essential conditions for the growth and for the survival of culture. If they conflict with any passionate faith of the reader-if, for instance, he finds it shocking that culture and equalitarianism should conflict, if it seems monstrous to him that anyone should have advantages of birth—I do not ask him to change his faith. I merely ask him to stop paying lip-service to culture. If the reader says: The state of affairs which I wish to bring about is right (or is just, or is inevitable); and if this must lead to further deterioration—then I can have no quarrel with him. I might even, in some circumstances, feel obliged to support him. The effect of such a wave of honesty would be that the word culture would cease to be absurd."

I have called Macdonald and those who think as he does neo-elitist rather than elitist because none of them goes so far as to advocate returning control of the arts to a patrician few. Macdonald, for example, says that such a solution is unrealistic because the United States is already a mass society and both mass culture and middlebrow culture are too firmly established. Instead of this he advocates partial control by a number of sub-elite groups whose members, by virtue of their community positions and prestige, can act as arbiters of taste in the arts. These people, of course, do exist, especially in New York City. They already play an important role in countering the pressures that the mass media and the mass market exert for ever more popular art forms. But it is doubtful that, unassisted, they have the strength or the influence to determine the course of the culture industry or the will to ensure that public needs and desires in the arts are properly provided for. Their significance will lie in maintaining and extending America's cultural pluralism and in exercising their own expert critical judgments. Neither by training nor by predilection are they equipped to take a major place in promoting the arts in our democratic society.

On the other side from the neo-elitists are the "democratic optimists," as they might be called. Whereas the neo-elitists tend to see the mechanisms of the mass media as reducing the quality of the arts, the democratic optimists tend to view these same mechanisms as potentially beneficial to the society as a whole and not necessarily harmful to quality in the arts. They see evidence for their optimism in the greatly increased audiences, and they put their faith for raising the level of the arts in the traditional instruments of capitalist democracy: free enterprise, education, and an ever-growing middle class.

The last element is the one about which the two sides differ most widely. The neo-elitists, largely comprised of critics and intellectuals, tend to view the growing middle-class control of the arts with suspicion and hostility, and this is typified in Dwight Macdonald's concept of Midcult, which he describes as a kind of middlebrow art that simulates some of the external features of fine art, especially avant garde work, but is sentimental at the core, pleasing, and easy to digest. Macdonald believes that the culture boom, rather than adding significantly to the amount of high culture, has instead produced a large "ooze of Midcult." On the other hand, the democratic optimists, many of whom are the new patrons-entrepreneurs, club-women, labor leaders, university professors, and some of the foundations and corporations—argue that business methods are being used to fund cultural enterprises on a scale heretofore unknown, such as the multimillion-dollar Lincoln Center in New York and the Music Center in Los Angeles. Neo-elitists, unimpressed by these achievements, claim that too much money is going into the erection of buildings and not enough into raising the salaries of performing artists such as concert musicians whose pay scale is among the lowest in the nation.

Some of them also claim that the larger the cultural institution, the more conservative its policies tend to be. Size alone, of course, is not necessarily the determining factor, but it does seem to be true that when a cultural institution is controlled by a patron committee instead of a single patron and when it is operated by art bureaucrats (who are often more skilled in administration than versed in art), a marked strain of cautiousness frequently creeps into the activities. Whether this results in Midcult or simply in shopworn high culture, the program in either case is likely to be devoid of genuine excitement.

Nevertheless, some of the products of the new culture industry are impressive. Democratic optimists seem to be proving their contention that public taste is improving as a result of greater exposure to high culture, although the question may be asked whether levels of taste can be measured solely in terms of audience participation. The new patrons have undoubtedly introduced a variety of effective techniques. Not only are they expert fund-raisers, they are also skilled in commercial methods of audience pro-

motion. Today there is hardly a museum or symphony board of any importance that does not employ a public relations expert from time to time. Unlike the old patrons, who relied largely on their own financial resources, these new patrons are alert to the substantial help that corporations, foundations, universities, labor unions, and municipalities can provide. In short, they are promoters as well as providers, with the result that patronage support of the arts has greatly increased in recent years.

Behind the divergence in the views of the neoelitists and the democratic optimists are several historically unresolved attitudes concerned with the relationship between art and democracy.

The founding fathers were generally intellectuals and men of cultivated taste, but Jacksonian democracy, which emerged in the 1820's, had little use for intellectualism and still less for the arts. The founding fathers had emphasized liberty first and equality second; in the Jacksonian era the order was reversed. Many intellectuals of the later period were alarmed at the anti-intellectualism that appeared in the wake of burgeoning egalitarian sentiment. De Tocqueville mirrored these fears in 1840: "I have sought to point out the dangers to which the principle of equality exposes the independence of man, because I firmly believe these dangers are the most formidable as well as the least foreseen of all those which futurity holds in store, but I do not think that they are insurmountable."

Richard Hofstadter in his book, Anti-Intellectualism in American Life, notes that with the coming of the Jacksonian era and the submergence of the Jeffersonian South the patrician class which had been a controlling force in American democracy became more enfeebled: "What was left was a gentlemanly class with considerable wealth, leisure, and culture, but with relatively little power or influence. This class was the public and the patron of serious writing and of cultural institutions. Its members read the books that were written by the standard American writers, subscribed to the old highbrow magazines, supported libraries and museums, and sent their sons to the old-fashioned liberal-arts colleges to study the classical curriculum. It developed its own gentle tradition of social protest, for it had enough of an aristocratic bias to be opposed to the most vulgar features of the popular democracy that was emerging everywhere and enough of a code behavior to be opposed to the crass materialism of the new capitalists and plantation lords. The most eloquent tradition of moral protest in America is the creation of a few uncompromising sons of the patrician gentry. . .

"The culture of the Founding Fathers was succeeded by what I like to call mugwump culture—and by mugwump I refer not just to the upper-class reform movement of the Gilded Age, which is the conventional usage, but to the intellectual and cultural outlook of the dispossessed patrician class. Throughout the entire nineteenth century this class provided the chief public to which the independent and cultivated American mind expressed itself."

Hofstadter goes on to say that "having been edged out of the management of its central institutions of business and politics, and having chosen to withdraw from any identification with the aspirations of the common people, the patrician class produced a culture that became over-refined, dessicated, aloof, snobbish, everything that Santayanna had in mind when he identified the genteel tradition."

The pattern of the nineteenth century thus became clear. The arts were the sole concern of an elite, an elite completely divorced from both democratic political leaders and a rising mercantile class. To the egalitarians the arts were snobbish and essentially undemocratic, while businessmen of the period tended toward a general anti-intellectualism, which included the arts and was the outgrowth of a characteristically American devotion to practicality.

If the arts coexisted with democracy in the nineteenth century, it was a very negative form of coexistence indeed. Still, one can observe the saving grace of American civil liberty and cultural pluralism, for, although the mugwumps were economically and politically impotent, they were nevertheless free to act as custodians of the arts. At the same time, the separation of culture and the arts from vital economic and political forces in American life was not, as Hofstadter notes, healthy for the arts themselves, and this may be valid historical evidence against the neo-elitists of today in their wish to divorce the arts from the social mainstreams of their time.

When the twentieth century came along, some shifts in alliances appeared. During the progressive era of Theodore Roosevelt and Wilson, and later under Franklin Roosevelt, intellectuals once again took up the cause of the common man from which they had been alienated in the previous century. Those interested in advancing democracy and those interested in advancing the arts came into a much closer relationship. In addition, the attitudes of businessmen toward the arts also gradually changed, even with the persistence of their bias against the impractical, and the number of art patrons from the world of business has steadily increased in the ranks of the "new patrons." These people have recognized that basic changes are taking place in American society, such as the rise of a new leisure class, and that these changes create new needs and stimulate new attitudes. The art philistines of yesterday have become the art enthusiasts of today because they feel a need to improve the quality of their new-found leisure. Their danger to the arts as high culture is their continuing tendency to regard them as a commodity that can be standardized and consumed. In this the intellectuals and neo-elitists properly find genuine cause for disquiet.

Thus, the basic question today may be this: Do the interests of art and the interests of democracy conflict?

To put the proposition in concrete terms: The democratic optimists would eliminate the last vestiges of control of the arts by elite groups and would put art into the democratic market-place, where like any other commodity it would be subject to the laws of supply and demand. The new patrons would act as the managerial group, representing both the suppliers of art on one hand and a widening audience on the other. As this audience was further exposed to the arts, its taste would rise. Meanwhile, something akin to a department-store approach would be observed: something for everyone depending on the individual's level of education and what

he can afford (witness Sears, Roebuck's entry into the painting market).

There are arguments both pro and con the position of the democratic optimists:

Their contention that today it is possible to widen the base for both support and appreciation appears valid. Audiences and supporters are growing in size and are becoming more heterogeneous in composition. There is good reason to believe this trend will continue. This is the age of the affluent society. There are more people with more money to spend on the arts and they have the time to educate themselves and presumably to improve their tastes.

Leaving aside the question of standardization and middlebrow treatment, the evidence is impressive that the qualitative level of art presented to the public is rising.

The proposals of the democratic optimists are more consistent with our democratic heritage than proposals that would place control of the arts exclusively in the hands of elite groups. Gilbert Seldes has often made the point that what appears to be a lack of sophistication in the taste of a television audience, for example, may be a natural response to the diet of hackneyed programs it has been fed. Certainly the corollary of this proposition—that mass-media audiences might develop some taste for the fine arts if there was sufficient exposure to them—has never had an opportunity to be tested.

Jefferson believed that a democratic society would develop according to the quality and quantity of education available to it. The doctrine implies the need for a national policy on education. Since education does not cease at the formal level and, especially in the case of the arts, develops with personal exposure, the ultimate implication is that the arts should be made available to all who want or need them.

On the other side, the views of the democratic optimists are open to certain criticisms:

There is too much in the approach that tends to treat art like any other commodity. The very terms culture consumer and culture industry indicate this. It is doubtful that art can be treated as a commodity for very long without suffering. The experience of art is delicate and perishable; its transmission or performance must be sensitively handled or the quality of the experience will be blemished. Having to push and shove to see a Michelangelo or a Rembrandt detracts and distracts.

There is an illuminating dictionary definition of the word "consume": "to destroy gradually, as by burning, eating, etc., or by using up, wearing out, wasting or squandering." The new, business-oriented patrons naturally do not use the term in this destructive sense, but the implication is clear. When art is consumed by an audience, or when an audience approaches it in a spirit of consumption, both the art and the audience suffer. The audience suffers because the art is being "used up" for that particular audience and, in consequence, virtually ceases to exist for it—as in the case of an over-played symphony or an over-reproduced painting. The art suffers because its life is always in relation to its audience, and if it has been consumed by all audiences it might as well be dead.

Large-scale distribution tends to standardize the arts. This is a corollary of the previous point.

The perils of *consumption* have to do with its effect on audience attitudes. The perils of *distribution* have to do with standardizing both the selection and the method of presentation. In the matter of selection, familiarity becomes a handy criterion—symphony orchestras across the country playing similar programs, museums, acquiring the same repertoire of painters, publishing houses printing the same standard classics. In addition, the material is often presented in such an abridged or sentimentalized fashion that the meaning of the original work is distorted.

The degree to which standardization in the arts is taking place today is not altogether clear. Certainly there is a marked trend toward it, but some institutions have been resisting-some art museums, chamber music groups, repertory theatres, are devoted to presenting the new and unusual in the arts, maintaining this country's innate cultural pluralism. It is worth noting that many of these are small, are controlled by a single patron instead of a committee of patrons, or are administered by a professional director with virtually autocratic powers. If the trend toward standardization has been countered to some extent, the credit must go to the emergence of new elite groups like these, small and limited in jurisdiction as they may be.

The most salient criticism to be made of the domestic optimist position is its failure to appreciate the continuing problems of the artist in the United States. These problems are of two general kinds, financial and personal.

The elevated financial status of a handful of painters, concert artists, and theatrical performers has given many new patrons a distorted view of the affluence of artists. The truth of the matter is that most artists in this country exist slightly above the poverty line, as any number of recent studies have found. For musicians the problem is a low salary scale and sporadic employment, for painters an erratic and unpredictable pattern of sales, for actors uncertain employment. The criticism made of the new patrons—that they have been more interested in "bricks and mortar" than in artists' salaries—appears to be true.

W. McNeil Lowry, director of the Ford Foundation program in humanities and the arts, says there are four motives underlying most philanthropy and art patronage: the status motive, the social motive, the educational motive, and the professional motive. According to Lowry, only the last of these "means accepting the artist and the arts on their own terms." The other motives are in a sense ulterior, and Lowry points out that although they have contributed to the recent growth of the arts, they should be recognized for what they are.

Discussing the status motive, Lowry observes: "The rash of cultural centers is one sign of the status motive. The rash of art festivals is another. Exposure to the arts is a good; no one could be against it, particularly in a democratic society. But surely the artistic status of a community or region can not be measured merely in terms of the facilities it can offer to imported artists and artistic creation."

The artist's problems are not confined to economics. It has become a commonplace to point out that never before has he been so alienated from society. To some extent the alienation arises for the same reasons that apply to many

of the other members of our society who see themselves as victims of a highly organized, technically automated society, no longer able to relate to their environment in a normal way, or at least in a way that previous societies would have considered normal and essential to wellbeing.

The artist partakes of this generalized estrangement from society but feels it more keenly because of his heightened sensibilities, as the college student may feel it more because of his youth, or the Negro because of his race. But, unlike these, the artist has a special need to live outside of society. Detachment is essential to his creative vision. Whenever there is an official attempt to destroy this detachment, as there has been in the Soviet Union, for example, art is likely to suffer. Norman Mailer says, in fact, that the artist should be alienated from society, and his view is shared by many of his colleagues, especially those in the "beat" movement. But alienation is too extreme a feeling for what should be the desirable relationship between the artist and his world; rather detachment, separation, divorcement, independence. I prefer the last because independence from some, if not all, social constraints is what the artist most needs and should have.

If the artist is totally alienated, it may have an adverse effect on his work. Nihilism and sophistry are likely to appear, and these strains are evident in some of our current theatre and art. On the other hand, these strains should not be confused with the essentially formal character of most contemporary art. The great emphasis that today's artists place on form, and especially on its expressive aspects, is their way of creating an art that offers aesthetic alternative to the utilitarian pursuits in which most of us are so busily engaged. Artists cannot continue to provide this alternative if they allow themselves to be taken over and perhaps consumed by the world. Many artists, especially the successful ones, confront this dilemma today, and it is one the democratic optimists have overlooked and the new patrons often have mis-

Describing this phenomenon, Richard Hofstadter has pointed out: "We live in an age in which the avant-garde itself has been institutionalized and deprived of its old stimulus of a stubborn and insensate opposition.... Yesterday's avantgarde experiment is today's chic and tomorrow's cliche. American painters, seeking in abstract expressionism the outer limits of artistic liberation, find a few years later that their canvases are selling in five figures. Beatniks are in demand on university campuses where they are received as entertainers and turned into the esoteric comedians of the sophisticated."

If, as Hofstadter says, the avant-garde has been deprived of its "old stimulus and insensate opposition," it is the handiwork of the culture consumers, a great many of whom continue to be insensitive as to why the artist should be left alone—alone to create his work outside the bounds of a determinedly utilitarian society which in subordinating art to its own purposes deprives it of the creator's original meaning.

What can be concluded from this discussion of differing views of the place of the arts in a democratic society?

There is general agreement that in the United

States art and democracy can coexist, but less agreement on what the terms of coexistence should be. In the nineteenth century the self-appointed custodians of art feared the consequences of social and political democracy—the fear that art would be injured by those who despised it. Today what the custodians fear most are the consequences of *economic* democracy—the possibility that art will be hurt by democratic capitalism and the culture industry.

The call for a national policy has been issued by Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson, by the Ford Foundation, by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, by leading universities. But the terms under which art and democracy might live together in a positive, dynamic manner have not been sufficiently agreed on or delineated. Perhaps this deficiency has resulted from a failure of all interested parties to establish a dialogue. For example, the report of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund was the most distinguished study that has yet been made in the field of the performing arts, but the thirtymember panel consisted mostly of business executives, along with several museum directors, theatre producers, and university administrators; there were no artists or aestheticians and only one critic.

This is not said in criticism of the report. Its aim was to examine the economic condition of the performing arts; its panel members had been selected for their special knowledge in this area. The report details forthrightly how the arts are starved for money and many artists near starvation. It assesses responsibility for these deficiencies and recommends measures to remedy them. But a panel including artists, critics, and social philosophers and addressing itself to the broader question of the place of the arts in our society would probably have reservations about investing more money in the culture industry as it stands today, for fear that it would result in more standardizing and bureaucratizing, more dispirited consumers, more art divorced from artists.

No realistic discussion between the camps is likely to be successful unless all the participants agree in advance that each can benefit from an exchange of views. The new patrons would have to be persuaded that the culture industry poses at least some potential threat to the quality of art, and perhaps they could learn from artists, critics, and intellectuals the nature of the threat and how it might be forestalled. In turn, the artist-critic-intellectual group would have to be persuaded that its contribution to a new national policy for the arts was genuinely desired. It would have to be convinced that its reservations about the culture industry would be given sufficient weight in the final drafting of policy.

At this point the main discussion could begin, a dialogue that would continue for some time to come. Assuming that artists and intellectuals could be persuaded that the right national policy could safeguard the arts while promoting their growth democratically, what would such a policy need to provide specifically? It is not within the scope of this paper to blueprint an entire policy, but a few tentative suggestions might be made.

Crucial to any policy that seeks to preserve art as well as promote it is the establishment of

safeguards, especially in relation to the quality of the art, the integrity of the artist, and the sensibilities of the audience. Since the enlargement and democratization of the art community seem to pose a threat to properly high standards, an obvious safeguard would be to isolate certain portions of the community as continuing private preserves of certain artists and certain critics and patrons—such small museums as the Barnes Foundation outside Philadelphia or Dumbarton Oaks in Washington; chamber music groups like the New York City Pro Musica or the Los Angeles Music Guild; the Actor's Workshop in San Francisco; critical literary journals like Evergreen Review, Kenyon Review, and so forth. Institutions like these operate with minimal support and so their survival will depend on tax laws and foundation procedures that would enable them to operate with a minimum of deficit and of interference. Their survival also depends on enlightened patronage policies which will not overlook supporting them merely because they are small and closely controlled.

This pattern needs to spread throughout the country before it can be considered an effective safeguard. Fortunately, a precedent exists in the successful coexistence of large state-supported universities and smaller privately supported ones. Private universities avoid the charge of being "undemocratic" in their admission policies because of the existence of the more democratically operated state universities. If the latter should be unable to accommodate educational demand, insistent pressures on private universities to alter their policies would result.

Given safeguards, there is every reason why a much larger investment should be made in the nation's art establishments. This would be wise investing if the principle of balanced growth is adhered to. Balanced growth implies avoiding the overly rapid expansion of certain segments of the culture industry. It suggests the desirability of distributing cultural resources in such a way that barren areas will also profit. It would strike a balance between investment by public and by private sources. This would mitigate the threat of government censorship on the one hand and that of private selfishness on the other. In the private sector it would strive, along the lines suggested by the Rockefeller report, for a widened base of support which would rely relatively less on the contributions of private individuals and relatively more on those from corporations, foundations, labor unions, etc. Finally, the concept of balanced growth would encompass some balancing between capital allocated to plant and equipment - now overweighted — and that allocated to artists' fees, salaries, and royalties.

Clearly, almost any national policy would call for *increased activity by the federal government*. This does not mean more direct intervention by the federal government in the life of the arts. Nor does it imply large subsidies (even if Congress could be induced to provide them, which is doubtful). But the mere existence for the first time of a national policy for the arts requires a certain amount of planning, research, and administration on the part of the federal government.

Some of this has been going on under the direction of the National Council on the Arts and its chairman, Roger L. Stevens, and now that the Congress has approved, and the President has signed, the bill establishing the National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities activity will of course increase, although the funds appropriated are not much beyond the proverbial "drop in the bucket."

One of the hazards of federal assistance to the arts in some people's minds is censorship. This could come in direct form if, for example, Congress refused to renew certain appropriations because it disapproved of what was being supported, but indirect censorship is probably the greater threat. This danger can be minimized if federal funds are used for purposes other than the direct commission or purchase of art. The most pressing need is surely that of supplementing the meager income of young, underpaid, or indigent artists. No agency other than the federal government can satisfactorily perform this service, one that is essential to the dignity and self-respect of artists themselves. Such a program might be carried out through established art institutions, museums, and universities.

A national policy must provide for *improved* education in the arts, especially in elementary and secondary schools, and in some cases in higher education. The arts are rarely taught with either expertness or imagination, the non-literary arts especially. There is no substitute for actual exposure to the highest forms of art, and many schools lack facilities for this.

The mass media, especially radio and television, raise a difficult question that any well-considered national policy for the arts must wrestle with. No educational program can afford to ignore the potentiality of the mass media. Yet neo-elitist critics of contemporary culture have seen them as a strong force acting to lower the quality of the arts. Most critics, neo-elitist or otherwise, would agree that the general level of television and motion pictures has steadily deteriorated in recent years. If safeguards can be established in other areas, so that artistic standards are preserved there, art can then afford the exposure of mass media. In this respect educational TV is crucial. With the benefit of substantial government subsidy, educational TV could soar to artistic heights. Freed of the commercial dependency that forces most of the mass media to seek the largest possible audience, a generously subsidized educational television system could be a powerful instrument for raising the general cultural level, and, as such, it might even force some re-evaluation of the relationship of the mass media to mass culture. The arguments against federal subsidy of educational television are generally based on fear of government censorship, direction, and control, but with the greater part of broadcasting privately owned, operated, and financed, the risks would seem to be very minor indeed.

To recapitulate, a national policy for the arts might incorporate these four elements, among others: artistic safeguards, balanced growth, increased activity by the federal government, and improved education. There are other questions, of course, that a national policy must try to answer, other resources it must develop, other tools it must fashion. But regardless of what a national policy might eventually comprise, the immediate need is for a dialogue on these questions which now divide adherents of the arts into separate philosophical camps.





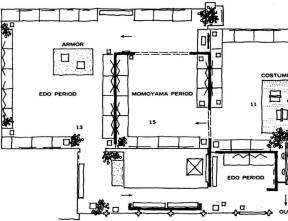


The problem was the design of an exhibition environment at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art suitable to the most comprehensive collection of "Art Treasures from Japan" ever to leave that country. Los Angeles was the site of the U.S. first showing of the exhibit which has moved east for display in Detroit, Philadelphia and Toronto.

Since large crowds (more than 70,000 during the six-week showing) representing quite a cross section of the public were expected to attend the exhibit, it was necessary that everything be displayed in a manner which would have meaning even to those possessing little or no background in oriental art. Yet it was also important that the setting be compatible, and above all not compete, with the objects themselves.

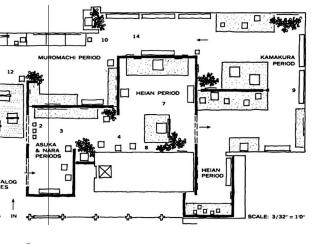
An installation that would evoke the atmosphere of the temples and teahouses in which these works were originally to be seen, was considered to be the best solution to the problem. Literal reproduction of traditional structures however was not attempted, primarily because most of them actually provide inferior conditions for viewing. For example, Buddhist sculptures generally are found in the halls of worship crowded together amidst the clutter of ritual furniture, inadequately illuminated by votive candles. Such a setting was calculated to induce within the believer a mystic experience, but there is little reason for inflicting it on the present day museum-goer.

A scale model of the interior of the gallery space designated to receive the exhibition was first made, and used to test various partition layouts and object arrangements. That there be a sin-



- 1.
 17th century sculptures are seen immediately beyond the entrance to the exhibition. The two on the right, a phoenix and an apsaras, were suspended from an altar canopy in a Buddhist temple hall.
- 2.
 The earliest handscroll in the exhibit, the Inga Kyo, was painted in the 8th century. The case front was slanted to bounce light source reflections away from the viewer.
- 3.
 The most powerful sculpture in the show, an 8th century representation of the Healing Buddha, was placed axially in line with a series of openings under a vermilion silk canopy.
- 4.
 Attention is directed toward the 10th century Guardian King figure on the left, because the light falling on it is brighter than the surrounding illumination.

gle clearly visible route through the exhibit, was considered essential to ensure viewing of pieces in their correct chronological order. To define this path, the space was subdivided into a series of rooms containing objects assembled according to the major periods in Japanese art history: Asuka-Nara, Heian, Kamakura, Muromachi, Momoyama, and Edo. Within each period large groups of similar objects, such as paintings, were with interspersed examples of other arts, in order to "pace" the show. Circulation through the exhibit was from right to left. This reversal of the direction normally encountered was done principally to guide the viewer in proper sequence past the scenes depicted in the thirteen narrative handscolls. Originally these scrolls were meant to be unrolled progressively by hand and read in the right-left direction customary among the countries of the Far East. A subtle bow to oriental tradition was thus inadvertently made by everyone touring the show. The space essentially was a large, long room with a high ceiling. It was necessary that some means of scaling it down be devised in order that the small, refined objects comprising the bulk of the exhibition be accommodated properly. To do this, partitions constructed as backgrounds for paintings and sculptures were purposely kept freestanding and low. A wood strip recalling the string course element called a "Nageshi" by the Japanese, was nailed horizontally along the partition tops to create a visual boundary which would focus the eye downward onto the works of art. Panels of silk were stretched between poles to actually lower the ceiling over certain areas, varying the spatial experience and the quality of lighting as



Detail of the Guardian King, carved from camphor wood. This particular deity is usually depicted as being supported by the upturned palms of the Earth God (Goddess).

Zao Gongn, 11th-century manifestation of Buddha.

Detail of the Healing Buddha statue. The drapery is carved in a style called "rolling waves" by the Japanese.

View into the Kamakura period room. (12th to 14th centuries.) Juniper plants, in pots were occasionally used as barricades, to break up the expanse of wood railings.

A group of 13th century sculptures. The figure on the right depicts an old woman, one of 28 divinities which protect the worshippers of Kannon. Pebbles were spread over the carpeted floor to unify groups of objects.











EXHIBITION INSTALLATIONBY GEHRY & WALSH, ARCHITECTS

Photos by Marvin Rand











well. Within an ambience of light diffused from above through these canopies, the objects were brilliantly illuminated by movable spotlights clipped into the museum's modular ceiling.

To enable the viewer to maintain his orientation within the exhibit while passing through it, several devices were employed. Open slots were left between some of the partitions revealing glimpses of what lay behind or ahead. The largest, most dramatic statue, a representation of the Healing Buddha, was placed so as to be visible intermittently through a series of openings encountered in succession, thus providing anyone touring the exhibit with a continuously recurring reference point. A main focus, actually the centerpiece for the show, was provided by six costumes, which were placed on a platform by the entrance. This platform was covered with white sand, raked daily in patterns by one of the Japanese curators accompanying the exhibition, using a wooden rake built by himself the night before the opening.

Unfortunately, to safeguard the works of art not in cases, it was necessary to construct barricades. These were conceived as unobtrusive but integral elements of the installation design. Railings, almost as low as those surrounding Buddhist altars, protected the sculptures. The platforms, needed anyway to display folding screen paintings at the proper viewing height, were built wide enough to discourage anyone from touching them. Straw mats, similar to the universal Japanese floor material, tatami, covered the platforms.

Mounting heights generally approximated the original position of objects. The folding screens mentioned above were elevated to compensate

10.

This Seto ware jar, made in the 14th century, is an example of the earliest type of ceramic considered purely Japanese in style.

11.

The costumes, displayed on a platform of raked sand, were a focal point for the show. The sleeveless coat, to the right, was worn over armor. Its design recalls the European vessels which were visiting Japan during the 16th and 17th centuries.

12.

Beyond the two 17th century costumes, the early sculptures which begin the exhibit are again briefly visible.

13.

Five pottery dishes by Kenzan, stood next to a pair of screens painted by his brother Korin. They were both active in Kyoto during the 18th century.

14

Openings into the various period areas were aligned along the length of the gallery. Shino and Karatsu were ceramics, both used in the tea ceremony, are interspersed among 17th century screens.

15

Panels of yellow silk were suspended over some areas. The Zen inspired ink paintings, such as this famous landscape by Sesshu, appear to best advantage in an intimate space. In the left foreground is a 15th century lacquered wood tray. 15



for the different eye levels of a person standing and of one kneeling on the floor, the latter being the usual position from which the Japanese viewed such art. The height of sculpture was even more critical. Trying them out on pedestals of different heights seemed to transform the expressions on some of the statues completely. Most seemed designed to be viewed from below and frontally, which was not surprising as the majority were created for temple altars.

Since the exhibition arrived a month early to allow time for everything to adjust to the dry Los Angeles climate, it was possible to tailor cases, pedestals and backgrounds to fit the actual objects. This was done under the guidance of George Kuwayama, curator of Oriental Art at the county museum, and the Japanese museum officials traveling with the show. The ceramics, many of which had been associated with the tea ceremony, probably benefited the most from such attention. The complex etiquette for appreciating these pieces was followed

as exactly as possible. All of them were displayed on purple or orange silk, which is traditional, and viewing heights were gauged to accentuate any characteristics of shape or glazing known to be peculiar to the piece. But it was of course impossible to convey the Japanese connoisseur's immense regard for such humble appearing but priceless treasures which were created to be unveiled one at a time and examined at leisure.

To create a uniform effect, redwood, left unpainted, as it would be in Japan, was used everywhere—for trimming partitions, openings, and cases and pedestals. The partitions were painted a warm buff shade not unlike the color of the plaster found in some Kyoto tea houses. It proved to be compatible with almost every object in the show. Colors for fabric backgrounds, silks and felts, were derived from such sources as priests ceremonial robes, and the hues found in the still brilliant Emakimono handscrolls.





Causeway (above) over moat (below) entering Angkor Wat.



It was only a relatively short time ago, in 1861, that the Western world learned of the existence of the ancient Khmer Capital, Angkor. More recent discoveries in the area occurred between the last two world wars. Only weeks ago the country of Cambodia was practically closed to Westerners. Continuing wars and political upheavals have always been part of this tiny country's heritage. Even today, Cambodia is surrounded on all sides by reversible friends and enemies. To the west and north—Thailand; to the northeast — Laos; to the east — Vietnam; to the south—Indonesia.

Angkor Wat (Pagoda Town) is on the grandest scale of anything in the world today, and is perhaps second only to the fabled Tower of Babel. The gardens surpass Versailles; the plazas are far grander than St. Peters in Rome; the towers have more impact than the Pyramids-in comparison, the Pyramids are just heaped stone. The towers are tremendously beautiful, beehive shapes nearly 300 feet high, built of dry laid stones, each exceeding one ton in weight. In spaciousness and splendour, these structures are greater than Notre Dame and Chartres Cathedrals in France, and all the great cathedrals of England. Neither Greece nor Rome can boast of such immense structures. The canals are greater than those in Venice and were not only water reticulation systems, but were navigable for hundreds of miles and formed a major means of transportation. And yet for what purpose were these stone buildings constructed? Not as tombs as the Pyramids, not as places of assembly, for apart from the many long galleries and narrow corridors, no room is bigger than ten feet square. Functionally, the buildings are as useless as Stonehenge. Even the so called "libraries" are so wasteful of space for they are completely solid except for narrow cross corridors.

Although engineering feats at Angkor are quite remarkable, the builders knew nothing of the arch. They used only simple post and beam construction. In their huge towers and over corridors and rooms, complex forms of corbelling were employed.

Stone bridges were built hundreds of miles from Angkor, apparently to give faster transportation for their armies. Even here, though spanning gorges hundreds of feet wide, the bridges are only complicated column and corbel construction. The spaces between columns oftentimes were so small that under flood conditions many bridges were washed out by the debris blocking all the openings. A few such bridges remain to this day—some fully macadamised—and carry all forms of modern transportation.

It is almost certain that the stones were laid in position as raw cubes, planned to give required overhangs where deep carving was to occur. After erection the entire structure was completely covered with scaffolding, enough to support thousands of stonemasons. How the huge stones were raised to such heights is still a mystery, but it must have been done with rice-stalk ropes, leather thongs, slave power, and elephants by the thousand. In this great jungle no natural stone appears. Some temples are built of hard grey sandstone, whilst others are delicate pink sandstone. No quarries have been found, so it must be assumed that the stone was transported on rafts down the Mekong River that springs from hundreds of miles north in the Southern Himalayas. Some Naga heads, sevenand nine-faced snakes in the form of a raised open hand, are carved from a single eight-face stone cube, nearly four tons in weight. From the river and canals these stones must have been drawn by elephants and manpower, probably on wooden rollers.

To approach Angkor Wat is to pass alongside a mile-long moat, across a 250-yard causeway over the moat to the outer wall, and the main entrance gate, some five-stories high. The outer wall, half-a-mile square, is a continuous gallery facing internally. Once through the gateway, ahead lies another raised causeway 400 yards long. It is from this gateway that one gets the first impact of the scale of Angkor Wat. Already a mile has been walked from the end of the moat before arriving at the main galleries which surround the five central towers. Here one is overawed again by the magnificence of these quarter-mile-long galleries, carved in bas-relief, end-to-end, each ten feet high. A long walk, turn the corner, and another such gallery, and so on around the building. From these basreliefs a great deal of information has been acquired. Each gallery is split in the center by an opening leading to a further two-hundred-yard causeway to the base of the central tower. On each side of this central opening the bas-reliefs relate histories of great battles fought, and at the extremities the day to day occurrences in the villages are vividly portrayed. It is interesting to see carvings on the walls 1000 years old of the same bullock carts as those used today on the plains below Angkor Wat, with not the slightest change or addition.

Quickly through here to the other causeway and on to the base of the main tower and a flight of steps as steep as a cliff, with treads 6" wide and risers 18" high; each flight is unbroken for 60 feet of accent. After negotiating two of these, one arrives on the highest accessible point, still only half-way up the main tower, which is solid stone from this point up. It is an anticlimax to reach this level for the central sanctuary is no more than a small dark cell ten feet square, containing a single statue of an eight-armed Buddha. This enormous mountain of stone was constructed only for this central cell and for the four minor cells each similar under the four smaller towers at the perimeter.

From this 150-foot level, far below one can see the other galleries and towers, the three-quartermile-long causeways, the outer wall and moat, and then nothing but jungle beyond. Between the two world wars and right up to the end of French occupation, French archaeologists did a magnificant job of clearing jungle from the ruins. Fortunately, by some odd chance, many of the constructions were spared by the jungle, whilst others were completely wrecked by rain trees growing some two hundred feet high. These trees (related to the Moreton Bay fig and the Banyan) started out as airborne seeds, which lodged in the crevices of stones in the ruins of buildings, and the flat terraces surrounding them. These trees sent out aerial and ground roots like giant octopusses. In some of the uncleared areas thousands of such trees grow from roofs, the base of walls and courtyards-anywhere a seed could find a niche to take root. Some of these trees are in the order of twenty feet in diameter at the base, and some of them have split the dry stone buildings from top to bottom; others have locked a whole building in a mighty grip, and are actually rais-



Main elephant gate to Angkor Thom (detail of towers below)

THE ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF THE KHMERS

DOUGLAS B. SNELLING, ARCHITECT

Photos by Douglas Snelling







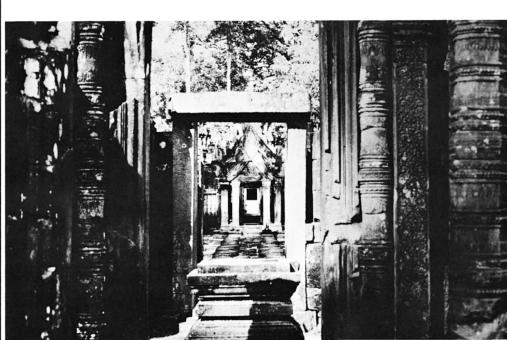


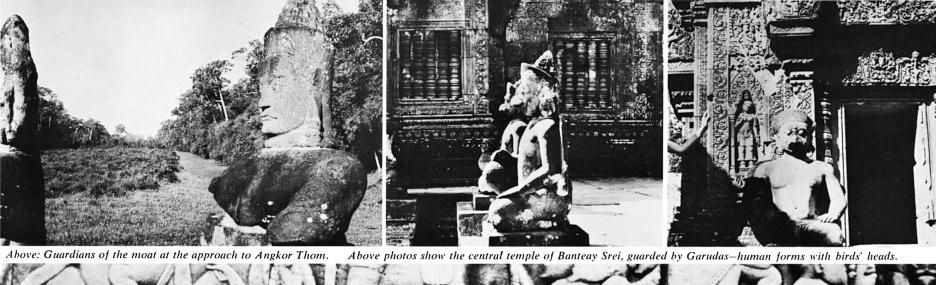


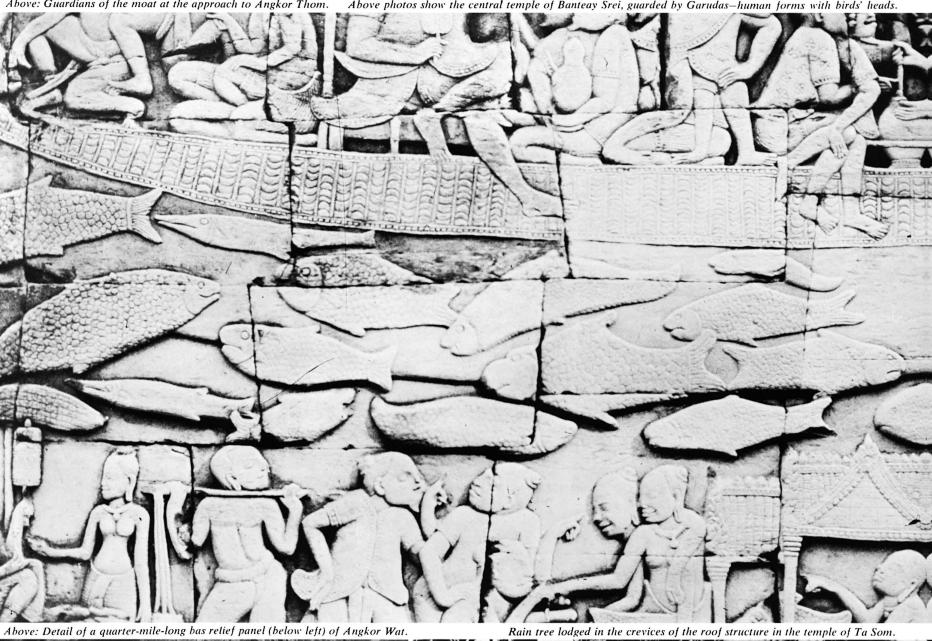


Left from top:
Looking out of a doorway from a side tower of Angkor Wat at about one hundred and fifty feet level. The internal causeway is shown and beyond the gate is the external quarter-mile-long causeway across the moat. Encroaching tree at the temple of Ta Som.

From top:
The lintels and architraves of incomplete corridor of Banteay Samre.
The Lingam, the male symbol of creation—the focal point of Banteay Srei.
The approach to the red sandstone chapel of Banteay Srei.







Rain tree lodged in the crevices of the roof structure in the temple of Ta Som.







ing the structure out of the ground as the tree

By mid-1920's plans of the ruins were being drawn and plotted on maps. Here the enormous scale became apparent. A city plan emerged 50 miles in diameter. All the constructions were rectilinear, except one lone memorial to a royal horse, fashioned in circular form. Each rectangle was square to the other, though miles apart, and each was interconnected with canals to supply water for the moats, irrigation, transportation and for drinking. This area sustained a population of some three million people. A small odd-shaped lake close by was found to be an overgrown man-made lake, covering a rectangle eight miles by two miles, and what appeared to be a natural mound of earth hundreds of feet high (with a temple built on top) was really the excavation material from this main water storage basin.

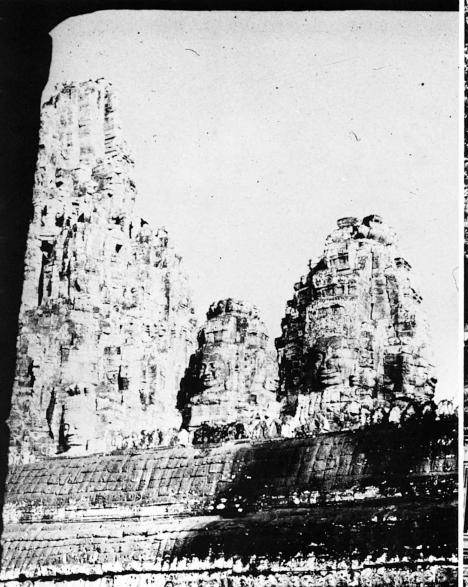
But more discoveries were to come, and perhaps the most beautiful of all the constructions. Between the two World Wars an exploring party discovered the Red Temples of Banteay Srei (Citadel of Women, 960 AD) 50 kilometres from the center of the city area. They were Hindu in origin, and were built to the sole worship of the Lingam, the Hindu symbol of creation. Banteay Srei is in great contrast to Angkor Wat, ornate with "heavenly dancers," and certainly the change of scale brings to mind femininity, as does the delicate pink of the sandstone. Within feet of the structure are other delicate ornate small towers, again called "libraries." Perhaps this is what they were—no one is quite sure. When Banteay Srei was first discovered about 30 years ago, all the small cells were tiger lairs, and extremely appropriate for the purpose.

Angkor Thom (Large Town), completed late 12th century, the city area within a two-milesquare moat, contains the central religious structure, the Bayon. Here are fifty-four towers, not as high as Angkor Wat, but still huge. The entrance portals into Angkor Thom through the outer wall have four-story-high openings to allow for elephants with howdahs in full regalia to pass in procession. It is said the Jayavaraman commanded an army of over a million men with 200,000 elephants trained for war. He had a huge naval force of arrow proof boats, and machines for firing arrows. An early Chinese visitor said, "When he went to war the sun was darkened by the dust of his armies of elephants." Though such major wars were costly, they usually resulted in the acquisition of hundreds of thousands of slaves brought home in chains. By the labour of these slaves the temples were built—Angkor was reckoned to have been built by 50,000 men over a period of 70 years. This cheap labour made possible an extremely high standard of living. Only the poor had no servants or concubines and the slaves knew only horror and hard work, but this large slave force constituted a constant threat to the very lives of the Khmer people. At times this force far outnumbered the standing army. All that remains today of this complex city are the ruins of stone religious edifices. All other wooden structures, domestic and civil, have long since disappeared.

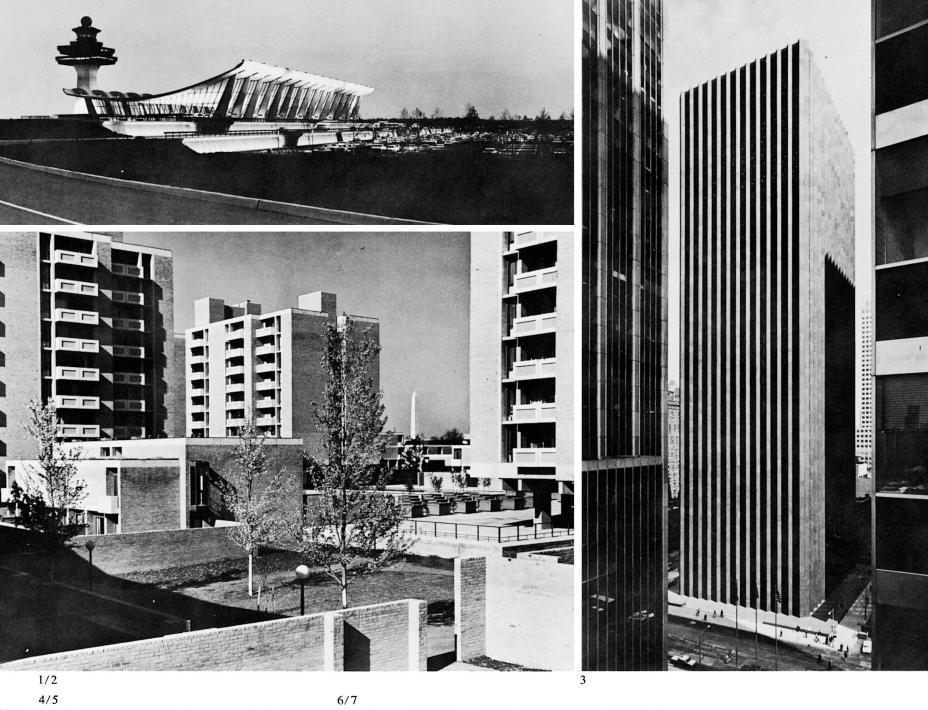
Why in the year 1432 the entire population left the city to waste away in the jungles remains the greatest mystery of the Angkor ruins.



Above: Detail of central sanctuary of Banteay Srei. Below left: The Bayon, central temple inside the city of Ankor Thom. Detail of deeply carved bas relief arch at Banteay Samre

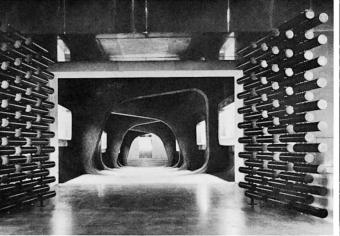


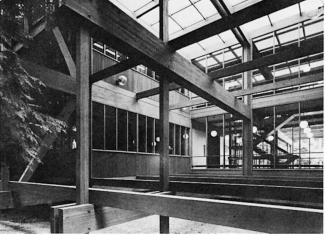






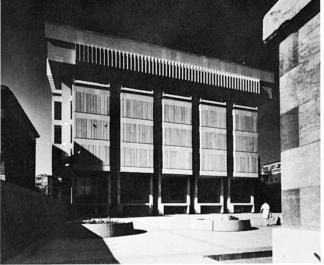




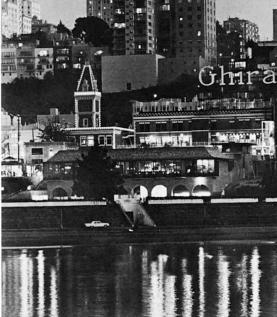


A.I.A. 1966 HONOR AWARDS

Jury: David N. Yerkes FAIA of Washington, D.C., chairman; Robert G. Cerny FAIA of Minneapolis; O'Neil Ford FAIA of San Antonio, George T. Rockrise FAIA of San Francisco; and Benjamin Thompson AIA of Cambridge, Mass.











12/13/14

1. First Honor Award-Dulles International Airport, Chantilly, Va. Eero Saarinen and Associates. Photo by Balthazar Korab.

Jury Comment: "To a remarkable degree Dulles epitomizes the qualities of vigorous, free and graceful movement which we associate with flight, while avoiding literal and obvious analogy."

2. First Honor Award – Tiber Island, Washington, D.C. Keyes, Lethbridge & Condon, architects. Photo by J. Alexander.

Jury Comment: "Tiber Island represents a solution to a problem of increasing importance, the creation of a handsome and livable complex of varied urban dwelling units.... The relationship of high and low buildings and of large and small open spaces is eminently satisfactory. From every angle the parts of the whole composition fall into place with unostentatious rightness."

3. First Honor Award—CBS Headquarters Building, New York. Eero Saarinen and Associates. Photo by Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

Jury Comment: "This superbly simple and disciplined building grows directly out of the ground and straight up to the top. The triangular columns emphasize the clean verticality of the form, and as one passes the building, they reveal a constantly changing view of glass and granite. This variety, so rare in high-rise office buildings, does not weaken the perfect unity of the design."

4/5. Award of Merit—The Shrine of the Book, Jerusalem, Israel. Frederick Kiesler and Armand Bartos, architects. Photo by Ezra Stoller Associates.

Jury Comment: "The concept of this structure is strong and dramatic, although many forms, patterns and textures were employed. With greater simplicity and unity, notably in the interior, it would have avoided the slightly flamboyant quality which is one of its characteristics. Nevertheless, it is a vigorous and

imaginative work which clearly states its unique and historic function.

6/7. Award of Merit – Hugo Winkenwerder Forest Sciences Laboratory, University of Washington, Seattle. Grant, Copeland, Chervenak & Associates. Photo by Hugh N. Stratford.

Jury Comment: "Through skillful articulation of the structural members, the building has a vigorous linear character which is made warm and human by the quality of the wood itself... In the same spirit, the diagonal braces and other exterior framing members, although they perform a structural function, are also important features of the design."

8/9. Award of Merit – Countway Library of Medicine, Boston. Hugh Stubbins and Associates, Inc. Photo by Louis Reens.

Jury Comment: "A beautifully organized building, strong yet sensitive, whose component parts are integrated into a thoroughly unified whole. The clarity of its organization is a delight. The interior space is as satisfying as the forms of the exterior."

10. Award of Merit – Ghirardelli Square, San Francisco. Wurster, Bernardi and Emmons. Photo by Ernest Braun.

Jury Comment: "A highly successful urban development employing old buildings and open spaces for new uses... In terms of esthetics, economics, convenience and cheerful vitality, Ghirardelli Square shows what can be done by careful rehabilitation of significant older buildings in the center of the city."

11. Award of Merit-Central Service Facility, Boise, Idaho. Kenneth W. Brooks, architect. Photo by Jack Williams.

Jury Comment: "Care, imagination and skill have made what might have been a prosaic utilitarian structure into a fine architectural achievement. Each component is a straight-forward statement, but each is related to the others. The resulting well organized complex has honest elegance, a quality which is characteristic of the building interiors as well as the entire group."

12. Award of Merit-World Wide Volkswagen, Inc., Orangeburg, N.Y. Katz, Waisman, Weber, Strauss, architects, engineers; Joseph Blumenkranz, consultant; partner-in-charge: Sidney L. Katz, FAIA. Photo by Robert Galbraith.

Jury Comment: "This building is especially notable because projects of this type seldom receive such careful attention. The skylights provide a consistent and repeated source of visual interest. Skillful organization in plan and handsome detailing combine to produce industrial architecture of a very high order."

13. Award of Merit-Sharples Dining Hall, Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. Vincent G. Kling and Associates, architects. Photo by Lawrence S. Williams, Inc.

Jury Comment: "A romantic contemporary building whose pitched roofs and stone walls create a satisfying harmony with its older neighbors. In particular, it forms a pleasing counterpoint to the nearby tower. The relationship of low and lofty spaces produces an exciting interior which must be a joy to those who use it. All aspects of the building are integrated with satisfying consistency."

14. Award of Merit – Church of the Resurrection, New York. Victor A. Lundy, architect. Photo by George Cserna.

Jury Comment: "This remarkable building was outstanding among all the entries because it accomplished so much with so little. Absolute economy of means was transformed into an asset. The entire character of the church, inside and out, seems completely consistent with its environment and purpose. Its austerity movingly expresses the strong structure of religious belief rather than the ornamental quality of ritual."

32 ARTS & ARCHITECTURE



PETER YATES

OJAI FESTIVAL 1966

Concluding his three-year tenure as music director and conductor of the Ojai Festival, Ingolf Dahl maintained the high level of his first two festivals, a trellis of tastes at different grades of musical expectation but none routine, from the Tchaikovsky Fantasy for piano and orchestra, a one-man demonstration of finger techniques up and down the keyboard with opening and closing fits for the orchestra, which pianist Leo Smit brought off at the full of his capacity, to the American premiere of Danish composer Bernhard Lewkovitch's Il Cantico delle Creature (the song of St. Francis, in the original Italian text), composed word-music, spoken, chanted and intoned, interlacing the contemporary method of sprechstimme, speaking to rhythms without fixed pitches, and the ancient tradition of the Roman liturgy. The speaking chorus of eight men, directed by Lawrence Christianson, performed this charming and reverent work with a powerful delicacy of control in both the unison and the rhythmically counterpointed sections. The sprechstimme does not swoop in the Germanic style but goes cleanly along, adding a new dimension to a technique still very incompletely exploited by contemporary composers. I am sure that Arnold Schoenberg, who told me how much he had enjoyed performing his Pierrot Lunaire in Italian, during a tour of Italy, would have been delighted by this variant of his technique.

All of the performing groups had been assembled by Ingolf Dahl, except the traveling Boston Symphony Chamber Players, who were ending a long tour with their two concerts at the festival. Whether they were jaded after two much playing or cared not to try very hard, this ensemble of the principal soloists of the Boston Symphony did not rise beyond routine performance at any point of their first, outdoor, concert; at the second concert, indoors, they did better, playing the Oboe Quartet by Mozart as if they enjoyed it and the Brahms C minor Piano Quartet with flair. They conveyed the prevailing melancholy of Irving Fine's Fantasia for string trio and deserved the short laugh of appreciation they received for the witty ending of the Elliott Carter Woodwind Quintet. One might attribute the small success of the outdoor concert to the acoustics of the shell, which, though improved this season by adding at the rear curved plywood panels under tension and extending the front lip of the roof, are still inadequate for chamber music.

Doriot Anthony Dwyer, first flute of the Boston Symphony but not a regular member of the traveling group, came to join the Chamber Players in the Mozart Quartet for flute and strings, K 285, and the Carter Quintet. With the Festival Orchestra, under Ingolf Dahl, she played at the Saturday evening program the J. S. Bach Ouverture No. 2, in B minor, for flute and strings, and the strangely undulating, emotionally ambiguous Concerto for flute and orchestra by Carl Nielsen. Remembering her young, vigorous personality and the superlative control of her instrument in memorable performances with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Evenings on the Roof, and at the first Ojai Festival in 1947, we think of her as one of us, only lent to Boston, and we welcomed her as our own.

The remainder of the Saturday evening program was given over to the first concert performance of Dance Panels, a ballet in seven sections written in 1963 by Aaron Copland, over which one could at best wring one's hands—Agon by Grofe—and the parodistic Suite by Richard Strauss from Der Burger aus Edelmann, a Viennese pastry "mit schlag" (which can mean either "apoplexy" or "whipped cream with sugar") containing the Dinner Music finale where the musical references (Rheingold for fish, birdsongs for fowl, and Strauss's sheep from Don Quixote for the mutton) are assaulted by Straussian orchestral grand mal.

The two great programs of the festival—I mean great unreservedly—came on Saturday morning and afternoon. In the morning a special concert of baroque music at the Ojai Presbyterian Church

gave three mighty cantatas of the Germanic baroque. The first, "Wenn der Herr die Gefangenen aus Zion . . ." by Matthias Weckmann, pupil of Schutz and Praetorius, who was organist at Dresden and afterwards at Hamburg during the Thirty Years War, might be better described as Lutheran music, an art of unswerving, embattled, stubborn rigor—the reality which Paul Hindemith could in no way emulate in his opera of the same period, Mathis der Maler, recently discussed here after a performance at the University of Southern California. The cantata, "Hilf Deinem Volk" by Vincent Lubeck, also of Hamburg, extends this Lutheran rigor into the more tearful expressiveness of the baroque. We were fortunate to hear in superb performances, directed by Ingolf Dahl, these two major works by composers most of whose music has been lost. The third cantata, "Ich hatte viel Bekummernis" by J. S. Bach, expands tearful expressiveness into Bach's sphere of transcendental reconciliation. In each cantata, the emotional atmosphere, of a type which in painted representation becomes cloying, is completely satisfying as music. Amanda DeRycke sang the recitative and soprano aria of the Bach cantata to an equally eloquent oboe accompaniment by Darrel Randall. Elizabeth Hvolboll, contralto, sang with much feeling the Lamento: "Ach, dass ich Wasser's g'nug hatte" by J. S. Bach's great-uncle Johann Christoph Bach. Eudice Shapiro, concertmistress of the Ojai Festival Orchestra,

Eudice Shapiro, concertmistress of the Ojai Festival Orchestra, played with superlative command the Suite in A minor for solo violin by Georg Johann Pisendel, himself a famous concertmaster and violin virtuoso, a contemporary of J. S. Bach; the dimensions and technical authority of the Suite prove that Bach was not alone in demonstrating the art of composing for solo string instrument. She played also the adagio and fugue of Bach's Sonata in G minor for solo violin. In each she varied the square temporal architecture by a continual dynamic articulation in the phrase, a solution seldom so well achieved by violinists, who must adapt from the more fluent style permitted by the violin and bow of Bach's period to the greater rigidity of the modern instrument.

The second great program of the festival, the same afternoon, was a chamber concert, "500 Years of Experimental Music." The University of California at Santa Barbara Singers, directed by Dorothy Westra, began rather diffidently the difficult Agnus Dei from the canonic Missa Prolationum, but pulled together in full voice to perform the Circle Canon: Tout par compas suy composee by Baude Cordier—both 15th-century compositions. Then came two madrigals by Gesualdo, dated 1611; Le Chant des Oiseaux (1529) by Clement Jannequin, with delightful imitative birdsong; the extraordinary Ave Maria in an "enigmatic scale" from Four Sacred Pieces; Giuseppe Verdi's last work; and two comic partsongs (1787) by William Billings, entitled Jargon and Modern Music.

Michael Tilson Thomas, who has been sufficiently praised here for previous accomplishments as pianist and conductor, played with incorrect bravura three keyboard pieces by C. P. E. Bach, permitting the left hand, which should keep strict time, to follow the dashing right, and two astonishing fugues by Anton Reicha. After the Dance Scene by Karl Birger Blomdahl and the spoken Cantico by Lewkovitch, Thomas returned to conclude the program by performing, with Douglas Davis, cellist, Charles De Lancey, percussionist, and John Neufeld, clarinetist, the west coast premiere of Echoi by Lukas Foss, a former director of the Ojai Festival. To quote from the program note: "Lukas Foss summarizes thus: Echoi I: four simultaneous cadenzas...an opening gate, a not-yetmusic; Echoi II. . . symmetry, clarity, order on the heels of anarchy; Echoi III: a study of different levels of sound-presence; Echoi IV: conjures up the chaos . . . of Echoi I to complete the arc." Last year, at the ONCE Festival, Ann Arbor, I heard a larger group of instrumentalists from the University of Buffalo, led by the composer spilling notes from the piano, deliver with humorless accuracy a forbidding performance of this work. The Ojai players kept the accuracy but lightened tone and character, so that the sound throughout was more attractive than that of the Foss performance and, despite the flow of aimless notes, the quality was humorous. One did not laugh at the composition but with the players, who made the music a delightful, almost joyous experience.

The final concert, Sunday afternoon, with the augmented Festival Orchestra and the UCLA Concert Choir under Ingolf Dahl, included the Tchaikovsky Fantasy and the Fantasia for piano, orchestra and chorus by Beethoven, with Leo Smit, pianist; the Brahms Schickalslied directed by guest conductor Roger Wagner, leader of the Choir; the Symphony in Three Movements by Igor Stravinsky; and Choros No. 10 by Heitor Villa-Lobos for chorus and orchestra. Ingolf Dahl deserves congratulation for the splendid reading of the powerful, demanding symphony. The Choros, with its exotic atmosphere of bird calls and reiterative Indian chanting, brought his last festival program to a brilliant conclusion.

Next season the famous composer-conductor Pierre Boulez will come west to be principal conductor, and Lawrence Morton, director of the Monday Evening Concert in Los Angeles, will resume the position he held for several years as music director of the Ojai Festival.

How is one to persuade each successive generation of composers that their business is to make their individual music, not ape the current fashion. The Brahmsians, Debussysts, Stravinskyites, the 12-tone and serialist academicians, the followers of John Cage, and now the purveyors of brute act who without discipline seek the easy shock of theatrical-performance music. Nam June Paik gives out a composition: a statement that the performer will cut himself to a length of 10 centimetres. Joseph Byrd performs it bloodily and shows the scar to prove he did it. And I reply to myself that Joseph Byrd's Mass, performed by Michael Agnello's Neo-Renaissance Singers at the start of an interminable program—which because I lack space to discuss it thoroughly I shall not discuss at all—is like Satie's Mass of the Poor a jesting parody that dispenses with externals leaving only spirit.

We have had during the present Monday Evening Concert season several shows of music in the discordant style of aping serialism. During one evening Harvey Sollberger conducted his Chamber Variations for Twelve Players and Conductor (1964), an empty exercise for which Charles Wuorinen played piano. Later, Mr. Wuorinen conducted his Chamber Concerto for Flute and Ten Players (1964), possibly more skilled in sound-combining but equally empty, while the spike-mustached Mr. Sollberger gave forth with the flute in mannerisms reminiscent of a more courtly, foppish age —but he plays very well.

Preluding each of these efficiently performed exercises, Peter Hewitt read the first six and then the second six of the Twelve Etudes for piano by Claude Debussy. He played them more slowly than has been the habit and with less regard for the outward profile than for the inner illumination, so that as he proceeded from the relatively formal beauties of the earlier set into the expanding freedom of the second set the music took on the character of enlarging improvisation, and I heard and enjoyed the Etudes as I had not known them before. The two fashionable compositions vanished in presence of these smaller wonders. I was not the only listener for whom Peter Hewitt's reading found in these Etudes an unexpected revelation.

In times past I have deprecated some of the musical and verbal idiom used by Harry Partch, speaking of it as "corn." I have come to believe that Partch's corn is a right potent liquor. So much for the title of his most recent composition, And on the Seventh Day Petals Fell on Petaluma—where Partch wrote the music in 1963-1964 while living and storing his instruments in an abandoned chicken hatchery. UCLA presented a lecture-concert of his music, the fourth program of their new 20th Century Music series. Partch began the show with an excellent talk about himself, his music and ideas. A large audience gave him strong welcome, and the solidity of the applause indicated that most of the listeners were with him all the way.

I had heard Seventh Day privately a half-dozen times, in rehearsal and from tape, yet I still found it an exceedingly demanding work.



For

 $\mathbf{Y}_{\mathsf{our}}$

Information

Q: We are designing a tract in an area where air conditioning will be as important as heating. There will be several basic plans and each one will present a different installation problem. Is there one type unit available to solve these problems? A: If an outdoor installation is any help to you, it is now possible with Duopac gas or electric heating and air conditioning equipment. This consists of one compact unit that can be installed in any of three locations—on a ground level slab, on a roof, or on a wall with wall-mount bracket kit. In homes an installation of this kind frees the space inside for extra storage.

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A: The thin-shell aluminum castings for exterior wall construction are new and lighter, larger and more economical than previous types. Textures can be tooled into the mold to give the exteriors dimensional pattern. Basic design criteria: 4' to 6' maximum size, depth up to 10", and wall thickness from $\frac{1}{8}$ " to $\frac{1}{4}$ ". You can see samples in the new Alcoa display at the Building Center.

Q: In selecting carpeting, can you tell me the difference between herculan, acrylan and nylon?

A: The best for heavy duty wear is herculan as it is the dryest fibre, has no penetration, is the hardest to soil and is shockless. Acrylan is the closest to wool in appearance and when soiled is very easily cleaned. Nylon offers the largest variety of types and prices and has more sheen than the other two. It used to shock but that problem has been overcome, and while it is the easiest to soil of the three, it is very easy to clean.

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I doubt that any of us in the audience were capable of taking it all in—I mean in the elementary sense of totally apprehending it. It is so much more demanding than a work of similar size and difficulty—say, Structures by Boulez—that I'm not sure those who appreciate that type of complication can come near estimating this; they would be trapped in the superficials of rhythm and beat and, in many cases, lack ears trained to distinguish the diversity. Partch has often protested that he does not write "absolute" music; this is his first "absolute" composition, and it stands up.

It consists of 33 Verses, each about one minute long: a sequence of duets among his instruments and a trio, then the duets successively combined as quartets and sextets with a concluding septet. The instruments are almost entirely of his own design and construction, the basic scale a just intonation of 43 tones in the octave, plus other tones, sounds, and noises. Except reed organ, the instruments are plucked strings or percussion, the latter principally from a variety of marimbas. Thus the sound-medium is completely emancipated from the orchestral tradition. By eliminating bowed strings and all but a modicum of sustaining wind, Partch has required himself to speak his native idiom; the effect is exciting, challenging, dizzying. There is no longer any accustomed foothold or grip on unconsciously recognized tonality or melody, yet the sonorities, because of the just intonation, are rich. The tones are almost continually in the "wrong" place. The fact that Partch's "wrong" notes happen to be, acoustically, the right ones adds a light of comedy to one's constant aural misapprehensions, as if watching a marvellous aural sleight-of-hand. To which the continuous misapprehension of the rhythm, which seems to be always downright as jazz and quite obviously never is, imparts a translucence like that of the great fish tank at Marineland. The apprehensible forms, so definitely and positively beaten, slip through the medium like the solitary great fish and the shoals of small fish that never swim in isolation, and the medium, peered into, is as substantial as water.

After such demand, the second work, Castor and Pollux (1952), seemed quite tonal, if I may use the term metaphorically, because simpler. But instead of seeming to its loss comparatively simple, Castor and Pollux gave the impression of being more concentrated, I presume because there were fewer instruments and we could focus our attention on it more accurately.

I doubt that Partch will be disturbed when I say that his work is now clearly where it should be, nearer the jukebox than the symphony; that his music conveys the extreme rhythmic intensity, which the eye cannot easily grasp, of popular American dance, as when one tries to watch a roomfull of dancers in near-anarchic rhythmic commotion, always controlled by the same beat. He has liberated music from the vestigial minuet, the expectation of precise forms, formalities, and structure by definite repetition, into a continuous ongoing and a translucent texture without back or bottom which one can hear through, so that the silence audibly behind the earlier *Verses* becomes progressively more resonant, until it is no longer even an enclosure, as with Ruggles or Ives, or even an interpenetrating difference, as with Webern or Cage, but a participating sound, as it occasionally becomes with Schoenberg. At this point of extreme density he ceases.

I am interested in his ability to eliminate melody, in any obvious awareness, as the recent European composers have tried to do, without fragmenting, and therefore without the enormous effort they must make, in spite of discontinuity, to achieve some sense of wholeness. Seventh Day grows and puts its leaves on, like a tree, becoming a woods and then a forest. It belongs in the jukeboxes, where it will speak to our native instincts, our rituals of physical rhythm and variety within beat, rather than in the concert hall, where we still think the traditional formalities of a borrowed and learned music. The problem is to get it there without misunderstanding. Having it so heard would provide an enormous education for those listeners whose intuitive and instinctive rituals Partch has learned to reproduce, not subordinating his music to them but freeing what is best in them from what is commercial and cheap. Partch has made a great step into his own creative space.



BYRON PUMPHREY

Although James Doolittle's first original production at the Huntington Hartford—Eugene O'Neil's *Anna Christie*—was something of a fiasco, the chances are that he will overcome a dismal beginning with his next independent production, Tennessee Williams' *The Glass Menagerie*.

In choosing O'Neil's torpid drama of 46 years ago about a prostitute who falls in love with a sailor and casting the role with Carroll Baker, who won fame as the heroine of Tennessee Williams' screenplay, *Baby Doll*, Doolittle made two prodigious errors. He chose a weak play redolent of a period which only great acting and direction could make work. Now Miss Baker, however lovely to look at, is hardly a great actress at this stage in her career and her husband, Jack Garfein, has a long way to go before he can stand comparison with Harold Clurman or Tyrone Guthrie.

However good Doolittle's intentions, his production at the Huntington Hartford echoed Hollywood rather than Broadway. Casting Miss Baker as Anna was on all fours with what is usually done with a play Hollywood has bought to film. This is not to say that film stars are incapable of doing theater. The Theater Group productions have shown very definitely that they can, but in this instance boxoffice rather than suitability appears to have been uppermost in the producer's mind. To exchange Broadway theater for Hollywood theater is, as Doolittle may have learned from this experience, to make a very bad bargain.

Although Miss Baker came off very badly indeed, she was by no means the only member of the cast out of touch with the play. James Whitmore's Chris Christopherson was merely a generalized portrait of the old captain of a coal barge. Despite all his gestures, Swedish accent, etc., Whitmore failed to give Anna's father that touch of individuality that compels belief in the character. As for Hermione Baddeley's Marthy, all she evoked for me was Marie Dressler in Tugboat Annie. Albert Salmi as the sailor was so-so, but as with Whitmore, he never seemed to be really experiencing the role; it was all acting technique rather than the creation of an individual character. In my view the cast, Miss Baker included, was much less at fault than the director. Everything considered, he should have been able to draw from his players much better performances than those they gave. As it was, the real star of the show was Peter Larkin whose settings were a visual delight, but the actors were about as lost in them as in the play itself.

Doolittle has won for himself a richly deserved reputation as an impresario and, beginning with his taking over of the old Biltmore, he has made an impressive record in theater, bringing to Los Angeles the best Broadway has to offer along with such internationally famous companies as the Comedie Francaise and the Grand Kabuki. He has yet to demonstrate, however, his ability to choose plays and give them a production that will merit both critical and public acclaim. It is one thing to import shows from New York, or to recreate, as with *Incident at Vichy*, a production originating in New York, but it is quite another to go one's independent way, programming and mounting the plays one believes should be done, whether they be originals or revivals.

I have the feeling that Doolittle has yet to take the time to assess on his own the acting and directing talent available to him here. Until, and unless he does so, he is placing unnecessary obstacles in the way of achieving his proclaimed goal, which is the establishment of a permanent resident company.

By the time this piece appears, the Seventh Annual National Assembly of the American National Theater and Academy will have been held on the UCLA campus. Presented in cooperation with University of California Extension and the UCLA Department of Theater Arts, the theme of the Assembly, June 23-26, was "The Professional Actor '66." The National ANTA Assembly tradition-

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ally has been held in New York City, with the exception of one conference in Washington, D.C. That Los Angeles was chosen for the first time signifies its emergence as the most vital professional theater center outside of New York. One of the areas that will have been explored is the growth of regional theaters as cultural institutions and the developments in California that have placed this state in the forefront of the national theater movement.

Although I expect to be enlightened by the four authorities who will discuss the regional theater, and who themselves have played leading roles in its development (Gordon Davidson, managing director of the Theater Group; actress Nina Foch; Ellis Rabb, executive director of the APA Repertory Company; and Robert Loper, producing director of the Stanford Repertory Company), I cannot forbear making some comments now, comments that have particular relevance to theater in Los Angeles.

The new pattern for theater, without doubt, is the non-profit professional theater company. There are several reasons for this, but three stand out especially strong:

- 1. Theaters operated on a commercial basis cannot afford to offer a varied and interesting program of the best plays, but merely the most popular. Commercial theater, therefore, is inevitably forced to offer the Broadway success.
- 2. The growing realization on the part of the public that theater, like art galleries and symphonies, should not be expected to pay its way at the boxoffice.
- 3. That the basic requirement for raising the quality of program and performance is a permanent professional theater company.

Consider the foregoing with respect to the situation on Broadway at the close of this season as reported by Los Angeles Times staff writer Richard Dougherty, in an article which appeared in The Times on May 25: "A reasonable guess as to the number of plays which will stay on the boards long enough to show a profit is 12—a ratio of one in five." Dougherty's article also noted that John F. Wharton, a well-known theater attorney, in a formal report to the Legitimate Theater Industry Commission, warned that venture capital from angels may be starting to dry up, adding that, if it does, "Broadway will face a real disaster."

Charles L. Mee, Jr., a former editor of *Playbill*, described the Broadway audience of recent years as follows:

"The Broadway theater today is paid for by an attractive, moderately well-heeled, well-educated, sophisticated audience that is not terribly interested in theater... People interested in the theater not for the sake of muscular dystrophy, or for the sake of showing a business associate a good time, have been increasingly staying away from Broadway theaters... It is, in other words, an audience that has excluded from its realm of experience Sophocles, Shakespeare, Shaw, Chekhov, Beckett, and John Arden."

The plain fact is that in relation to New York, Los Angeles has certain advantages that can in time make this city a serious rival to New York's title as the theater capital of the nation. A cardinal advantage, in addition to the reservoir of talent, is that the pattern here has not yet hardened into the commercial system of production. In New York, the shift from commercial to non-profit theater will be difficult to change. In all probability, it will come about slowly and painfully, a gradual change of structure as a result of increasing economic pressure. In Los Angeles, the way is open to adopt the emerging pattern—the non-profit professional company.

One of the most embarrassing aspects of the Los Angeles theater scene is the lack of producers who delight in discovering, and staging, an original play. One must add that, in the rare instances when this is done, few are discerning enough to tell a reasonably good play from a bad one. It is true, of course, that most playwrights tend to bypass Hollywood and try first of all for a Broadway or off-Broadway production of their plays, but it would be news to me that any producer here is actually looking for an original script to

produce in Hollywood. Until the playwright as well as the actor is given his place in the California sun, theater will not have come of age here, even with the formation of good resident companies.

Good resident companies are great for the actor, and they are fine, too, in building an audience of taste and discrimination, but if they limit themselves, as most tend to do, to those plays already acknowledged as contributions to dramatic literature, they fail to serve the theater fully. In this connection, the latest issue of the *Dramatists Guild Quarterly* reports that the next season at Lincoln Center may again be devoid of any new plays by an American playwright. "We are not even in the running," goes the editorial note. The program is to be selected from plays by Jonson, Ibsen, Shakespeare, Pirandello, Chekhov, Gogol, Marlowe, and Brecht.

In the December issue of Arts & Architecture, I expressed my misgivings about the uniting of the professional and the academic in theater, remarking that I feared that the new voice seldom would be heard on these stages. Subsequently, I was informed, and reported in the February-March issue that the Theater Group at UCLA had launched a series of staged dramatic readings which would give the playwright a chance to test his work before an audience. This project is a good beginning.

I am not to be persuaded by Messrs. Herbert Blau and Jules Irving of Lincoln Center, by Gordon Davidson of the Theater Group, by Robert Loper of the Stanford Repertory Company, or by anyone else, that there are no original plays worthy of production by these companies. What all of these gentlemen need is the courage to take risks. In this respect, Broadway and off-Broadway is the fountainhead of American theater. And it will continue to remain so until some producer, or producing companies, dare to chance the new work. It may possibly turn out to be a flop. And, of course, they shudder at the thought. But it will not be until such a risk is accepted, until the careful husbanding of prestige is gambled on the premiere production of new plays, that the regional American theater can be said to have really made the scene.

ART

(Continued from page 6)

Luhan, all benumbed and entranced, while sixteen electrically projected images probably hots him up (to use one of his more unpleasant turns of phrase.)

The senses, however, have their limitations. Saturating them is not always effective, and is often narcotic. No one has yet found a substitute in films, for instance, for Eisenstein's technique of indicating mass through a close-up of the individual. The baby carriage bouncing down the stairs in *Potemkin* is what tells us about the crowds, not the pan shots of masses. While sixteen images projected simultaneously may temporarily rouse that unconscious communion of which McLuhan speaks, they will never leave more than a generalized residue of unfocused feeling. "All-over" painting is all over, and now that it is, we can see that not one of the Pollocks or Tobeys were equally stressed, and each has an occult point of focus somewhere on the canvas.

While many an art student turned advertising artist welcomes Mc-Luhan's invitation to hybridity, and while those fearful of being out of step with their time positively need his effervescent promises of new worlds, and while some artists, notably those who want to "bridge the gap between art and life," can find a rationale for their natural predilections in his blockbusting rhetoric, few serious artists would be able to live with his progressist effusions. (Even if they could accept his overweaning vulgarity as a literary stylist.) Artists are made of sterner stuff.

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books

GAUGUIN IN THE SOUTH SEAS by Bengt Danielsson (Doubleday & Company, New York; \$7.95).

Bengt Danielsson, a member of the crew of the Kon-tiki, stayed in Tahiti and the Marquesas to continue his anthropological studies. In the tropical forest a few miles from Atuona, where Gauguin spent his last two years, Danielsson became acquainted with a retired French schoolmaster, whose library included a collection of books about Gauguin containing many marginal notes and corrections. Asked about these corrections, the schoolmaster explained that none of Gauguin's biographers had ever visited the South Seas. From him and from the Catholic bishop who had been in the islands since 1900 Danielsson obtained information for a chapter about Gauguin in his book, Forgotten Islands of the South Seas. Danielsson afterwards received more information from a man who had known Gauguin almost from the time of the artist's arrival in Tahiti in 1891. From that time on the author devoted much effort to research about the later years of Gauguin's life, beginning in 1885, until his death in 1903. With careful documentation he clears up the chronology, the principal events, the names and personalities of Gauguin's associates and the unmarried wives (usual age thirteen), his residences and travels, and the order of production of a large number of the paintings. He reproduces in part several new documents by and about Gauguin and revises the opinion that, as editor of a political newspaper in Tahiti, Gauguin supported native causes; in fact, he supported the foreign traders, although in his last year he took a strong stand in certain cases also concerning the native Marquesans. The narrative is filled out with short extracts from other contemporary writings about life in the islands at that time. He makes clear that Gauguin did not know the Tahitian or Marquesan native religions, which had almost disappeared, or their gods, that the idols which appear in the paintings are not related to native deities. He corrects the spelling and the meaning of many native words and sentences used by Gauguin in the titles of his paintings and his writings: Gauguin never learned the native languages, though he must have been able to converse in them to some extent.

This is a major contribution to knowledge about Gauguin and a well-written biography for general reading. The author does not attempt art criticism, except to correct or explain ideas about the paintings and in some instances show their derivation from other material, instead of from actual knowledge. The biography is another sad story about the deterioration of a great artist in a society which should have welcomed him and the abuse inflicted on him by other artists, connoisseurs, critics, government and church officials, though the story makes clear that Gauguin, as might be expected, brought some of the trouble on himself and was capable of fighting back. Much of his life was spent in destitution and often near starvation, dependent on the kindness or generosity of often forgetful and sometimes treacherous friends. For many years his paintings did not sell; only determination and courage kept him returning to further bouts of work. In his last years he began receiving regular monthly payments from the famous dealer, Ambroise Vollard. The author compounds this melancholy catalogue by describing the labor involved in certain of the paintings, the small prices received for them, and their present proud places in great collections. Remember when you read about a "great collector" that the prices he paid seldom went to the artist, that indeed, with few exceptions, "great collectors" take no chances and do not buy unknown masterpieces from the artists who make them.

At the end of Gauguin's life, the administrator of his possessions concluded his report: "I have requested all creditors of the deceased to submit duplicate statements of their accounts, but am already convinced that the liabilities will considerably exceed the assets, as the few pictures left by the late painter, who belonged to a deca-

dent school, have little prospect of finding purchasers." During his stay in Paris between the two Tahitian periods, Gauguin hung in his studio paintings by Van Gogh, Cezanne, and Odilon Redon, and all his own unsold pictures; there was no sale for any of them. Can you recall the names of those other painters in Paris for whose work there was at that time a ready sale?

The book is well illustrated by photographs from Gauguin's lifetime, by color photographs of the islands and people today, and by a few useful maps. One interesting photograph almost exactly reproduces the three faces in a Gauguin painting, proving the accuracy of his observation of physical types.

ANCIENT INDIA, A HISTORY OF ITS CULTURE AND CIVILIZATION, by D. D. Kosambi (Pantheon Books, New York; \$6.95).

When I was visiting my editor in New York I saw this book lying out and immediately requisitioned a copy. I was so enthusiastic, I gave that copy to my host and bought another. Professor Kosambi, the cover blurb tells, is best known as a mathematician, whose formula for chromosome distance holds an important place in genetics; he is also a numismatician, a collector of microliths and student of rock engravings and megaliths, has edited the poetry of Bhrtrihari and the oldest known Sanskrit anthology. He was born in 1907 and went to Harvard. He has combined all of these talents and experiences in rationalizing a history of ancient India, while checking each of his conclusions against agricultural and economic data and the continuing stratification of Indian society at all levels of its divergent cultures and of literacy. Holding up present-day India like a cracked mirror he sees in these many facets, bores of illumination reaching into pre-literate prehistory and to the extraordinary agricultural and commercial society of two great cities, Harappa and Mohenjo-daro, which traded with the Euphrates civilization at the time of Ur by way of the island of Bahrein. This civilization of the Indus valley was not less great, though seemingly more peaceful, than those of the Euphrates and the Nile. To illustrate how much of the past lingers in the present, he tells of discovering in the neighborhood of a still rather primitive Indian tribe a megalith (sacred rock) which had not been worshipped for at least two thousand years; the tribe at once incorporated the rock in their current worship.

A scholar of very definite opinions, Professor Kosambi never fears to draw and validate connections where the ordinary archeologist would hesitate over a more tentative guess. He presents and solves mysteries as fascinating as any in history by means which are themselves consistently interesting; if one questions his decision, the path to it is not less intellectually exciting. Along the way he throws off comments on current cultures and ideas intended to arouse argument. Unlike the majority of scholars and archeologists, he is a master of English prose: vocabulary, sentence, paragraph. In a book packed with substantial ideas he is consistently lucid. Disagree with this book or not, any good reader should enjoy it.

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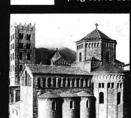
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